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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1878.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a fine double-page engraving from a picture of* "LOUIS VAN DER MALE HIDING FROM THE SOLDIERS OF PHILIP VAN ARTEVELD," *and other attractive features.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A POPULAR THEORY.

IN commenting recently upon the tenacity of party organizations, after party union upon great questions had disappeared, we mentioned, as an explanation, a theory of the political situation and probabilities which is widely held. Those who hold it assert that absolute Democratic control of the government involves, first, payment for the slaves, and second, repudiation of the public debt. We have been assailed in many quarters as if we had advanced it as our own view, and have been assured that it was imbecile, silly, wild, hysterical, absurd, and monstrous. Meanwhile we have not denied that it may be all this, and, as we said at the end of the article, the trouble with the view is that the very persons who are to be convinced by it can not see it to be so reasonable as its holders assert, and consequently that the Republicans can not hope to win upon such a cry. It is, nevertheless, a view which is firmly held by many intelligent persons, and it is susceptible of most effective use by adroit politicians. It is, therefore, worth while for Democrats to meet it by still more powerful arguments than "pish!" and "pshaw!" conclusive as they are.

The grounds upon which this view rests are obvious. It is not surprising that there should be deep and general distrust of the restoration to power of a party under Southern leadership, which, when it was last in control of the government, sought national ruin, and whose recent ascendency in the House of Representatives has inspired confidence neither in its political sagacity nor capacity. It is natural, also, that the fierce sectional alienation of many years, ending in a tremendous and obstinate and prolonged war, should be supposed to have left in the minds of the unsuccessful side the most angry and revengeful feelings, which wait only an opportunity of gratification. Students and thoughtful men may know how soon the wounds of civil war are healed, but this view is not necessarily that of thoughtful persons. People argue from themselves, and thinking that if the result of the war had been different they would have awaited the chance of redress, they suppose that others would do likewise. Men generalize broadly and hastily in politics, and when a view seems to them reasonable, those who wish their votes must really have other resources of reply than "stuff and nonsense."

But those who hold this view find it confirmed not only by their impressions of human nature and by the situation, but by open declarations. These, indeed, are not uniform, and this should be gladly acknowledged. Moreover, this want of uniformity of opinion and expression is one of the most persuasive arguments against the justice of the view. Thus the *Chronicle*, of Augusta, Georgia, truly says:

> "In 1860 the cry was that the South was aiming at the life of the nation; in 1877, when the currency question was sprung, the song was burdened with the warning that we had designs upon the honor of the nation; now we are accused of craving to pick the national pocket. The policy of Senator HILL during the darkest hours of the electoral gloom proved that some of the real patriots of the country were Southerners; the conservatism of Mr. STEPHENS in the investigation scheme shows that the revolutionists do not dwell in the South; and the manly utterances of LAMAR on the Silver Bill convince the North that with us national credit and national honor are sacred things indeed."

It adds:

> "Rebel claims need strike no terror to our government, and Southern subsidy schemes need not fire the Northern heart. It must suggest another and wiser issue.... Our people are more tolerant and more independent than when the issues of the war were yet fresh upon them in past campaigns."

The Macon *Telegraph and Messenger*, in the same State, says, still guardedly:

> "We can not but indulge the hope that when we have helped to extinguish the public debt, and time has healed the gaping wounds of the past, when reason and brotherly love shall have fully regained the ascendency over prejudice and hate, even though it shall be the next generation, a brave and honorable people of the same blood and lineage will see to it that the value of our property in slaves shall be returned to those from whom it was wrongfully wrested. It will do no harm to keep this question before the people, that they may preserve the records and proper memoranda of their former slaves, in the event that a returning sense of justice on the part of the Federal government may compensate them, at least in part, for the loss of this portion of their rightful property."

But the expression that is felt to be more characteristic and significant is in another strain. The Okolono *States*, in Mississippi, says:

> "When we have obtained the upper hand, we propose to undo what has been done by the radicals since 1861. We propose to tear the negro amendments out of the Constitution. We propose to restore the Plant-er Republic of our fathers in all its purity and simplicity."

And the *Corinthian*, at Corinth, in the same State, says:

> "Let the solid South meet the united North with bold, undaunted courage, for we are just as confident as we are that we edit this paper that a division of States will be attempted again in the future, just as sure as it was in 1861, when the tocsin of war was first sounded at Fort Sumter. The North is too aggressive, too jealous, too vindictive, too suspicious; the South too lofty, too haughty, too ambitious, too proud. A union of States is and always will be galling."

It is because such talk, however local the journals, is believed to represent the natural and sincere feelings of those who control the Democratic party, that the view of which we speak is so widely and firmly held. It is urged that to hold such a view is to suppose that the Democratic party is hostile to the government itself, and is substantially still engaged in civil war. That may be, and the position may be ridiculous. But the question for practical politicians is the extent of the view and the means of preventing its consequences. Messrs. LAMAR and HILL and the Southern journals which speak for them can not expect that their opinions will be accepted as those of the Southern Democracy until the regular party action adopts them. If the Democrats are wise, they will as promptly and fully disavow all the purposes which this view attributes to them as they disclaimed all intention to question the title of the President. While they leave these points obscure they will find a solid partisan array against them, which the most contemptuous sneers will not pierce.

MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

THE absurdity of the talk about General GRANT as an emperor and a dictator is mainly due to the tone of the Republican journals which have suggested his nomination. It is certainly not due to any thing in the character or career of the man himself, nor to the fact that European kings and presidents have been civil to an ex-President of the United States, who is also a distinguished soldier. There is a sort of frantic desperation in the tone in which his nomination is urged. The drift of the articles is a plain confession that upon him hangs the only chance of the Republican party; and that the chance arises, not from the greater wisdom of Republican policy, but from the dire extremity of the country. A more ridiculous strain can not be imagined. One of these papers says that "the sooner the necessity of nominating GRANT is generally recognized, and the event is accepted as a foregone conclusion," the better for the Republican party. Another says that his call to the Presidency "is believed to be essential to the welfare of the country." Mr. EMORY STORRS, in the Illinois Convention, in advocating, amid loud cheers, the nomination of General GRANT, said:

> "The laboring-man inquires, Shall I be permitted to labor without interference from mobs or mob violence? Shall the wages of my labor be secure? Is there in this country any one man whom the nation can place at the head of its affairs who will see to it, so far as he is concerned, that in all these I may be secure? All these laboring-men are asking themselves this question, and they have answered it. Property asks this question. Capital of all kinds makes the inquiry. Nay, every good citizen, each for himself, is revolving in his mind to say, and has been for months past, who is there of all others in this country who, placed at its head, will see that the great essentials of life, liberty, property, the due execution of all the laws, shall be protected and carried out?"

All this is unmistakable. General GRANT is to be nominated, not as the representative of a policy of administration, but as a savior of society. He is not to carry out measures that have been argued before the people, and which have been approved by them at the polls, but he is to protect us against anarchy and the impending dissolution of social order. But if he be the one man indispensable to our continued peaceful national and social existence, we must keep him in the position of savior as long as Heaven graciously spares him. We can not afford to take the risk of the dissolution of society at the end of four years; and if we can spare him at the end of four years, we are not in any danger of such dissolution, and his nomination is not necessary. The zealous gentlemen may suit themselves with either horn of the dilemma.

The reasons urged for the nomination of General GRANT are typified in a picture of a man on horseback withstanding a host of anarchists. Those who do not think that this is the situation, who do not believe that the American government is on the edge of chaos, and who, therefore, are not desirous of summoning a dictator—those who are not yet tired of free popular institutions, and who know that agitation is the atmosphere of liberty—will naturally oppose the call for a savior of society. We do not do General GRANT the injustice of supposing that he has authorized this nonsense, or that it is especially agreeable to him. He has always shown himself to be an officer loyal to the laws, and this presentation of him as the imperial hope of America is exceedingly comical. There is, however, a serious side to it, and we beg these heady Republicans to remember this: that the chief and vital objection to the Republican party in the minds of many most patriotic and intelligent citizens is the conviction that it has come to regard itself as the country and the rightful government, and to consider opposition to itself as treason, if not a wrong offered to human nature, and that consequently it holds all means of perpetuating its power to be permissible if not imperative. This conviction is immensely strengthened by the ground taken by Republicans for the nomination of General GRANT. That ground is that he alone can save us from destruction. Every honest, honorable, and patriotic American rejects with scorn such an assumption. We have laughed at Democrats who argue that General GRANT has the ambition of LOUIS NAPOLEON, and enjoys royal dinners because he wishes to be a king. But here is a Republican paper which says of his nomination: "We have reached a point where a firm, steady hand is needed to guide the nation." That is the tone of LOUIS NAPOLEON's toadies. The duty of an American President is to execute the laws, not to guide the nation firmly. Those who vociferously, and upon such grounds, demand the nomination of General GRANT, are doing their utmost to extinguish all hope of Republican success.

FREEDOM OF ELECTIONS.

SENATOR BAYARD, of Delaware, is a Democrat whom his Republican opponents have been accustomed to regard as one of the men of his party who are sincerely anxious for something better than mere partisan politics. His opinions upon many practical public questions are those of patriotic and intelligent men in both parties, and his position upon the Electoral Bill was that of a wise statesman. He is, perhaps, the one conspicuous Democrat who as a candidate for the Presidency would most command the real respect of his political opponents. But when this was recently said to a prominent Democrat, he replied: "Yes, Mr. BAYARD is a gentleman, and an able and experienced public man, holding many sound views; but he is a Bourbon. His personal and political associations are with the old South, and were he President, there would be an old Southern Administration." His letter to the Tammany Committee on the Fourth of July is surprising, because, while it demands a free election as the first end to be sought, there is no evidence in it that the writer suspects, what every body else knows, that interference with freedom of elections has always proceeded from the Democratic party.

The three great illustrations of this interference, before the present alleged Louisiana frauds in the Returning Board, were the SLIDELL Plaquemine frauds in Louisiana, the TWEED frauds in New York in 1868, and the vast Ku-Klux and later intimidation in the Southern States. Even in Louisiana the Democratic suppression of freedom of election at the polls is more distinctly proved than fraud by the Returning Board. We know ourselves of the declaration of a prominent Democratic leader in Georgia that the negroes would be permitted to vote so far and so long as they did not endanger the supremacy of the whites. A Raleigh Democratic paper, in North Carolina, lately announced that negro ascendency would not be tolerated there; and Governor WADE HAMPTON's speech to his Democratic friends on the Fourth of July in South Carolina shows very distinctly that he knows and condemns a Democratic purpose virtually to abolish negro citizenship. Now we have no more disposition than Senator BAYARD to see ignorance and venality governing intelligence, and we can perfectly understand the feeling of educated Americans of the English-speaking race subordinated to the colored freedmen of the plantations. All that is very intelligible. It is not surprising in this point of view that freedom of elections should be assailed even by well-meaning and intelligent people, who see no other escape from monstrous misrule. But these people are generally Democrats. Notoriously it is they who attack this freedom, not the Republicans. There has never been any serious complaint that Democrats were prevented from voting by the Republicans. It is confessedly the Democrats who suppress the free vote of Republicans, and argue that it is mere human nature to do so. But Senator BAYARD gravely writes a letter to the effect that Republicans are the sinners, and that the Democrats would protect freedom of elections—an assertion which is totally disproved by the facts. Mr. BAYARD is right, of course, in saying that there should be such freedom. But if it were enforced at all hazards, it would be against his own party.

We offer no apology for Republican crimes. Let them be exposed and punished. But the candor of leading public men is a common interest, and their pandering to the basest party prejudice is no less an offense to political morality than that of their associates in destroying by terror the freedom of elections, or false counting of the votes. The three propositions which Mr. BAYARD suggests, in conclusion, are admirable in themselves, but they are ludicrous as suggestions to Tammany and the Democratic party. The Senator seems to be unpleasantly aware of this, for he says that they should be sustained by just-minded men of every party—in which we heartily agree with him. The propositions are freedom of elections, undisturbed by "Federal interference, civil or military;" an honest count; and the destruction of any man or party that withstands them. But we remind Mr. BAYARD, as a patriot and a Democratic leader, that his first and immediate duty in furtherance of his admirable suggestions is to secure that freedom where it is now most threatened, not by a Republican national Administration, but by Democratic coercion in the Democratic Southern States.

MOVING FORWARD.

MANY sincere friends of a reform in the system of the civil service vehemently insist that the action of the Administration shall not be regarded as reform. Indeed, such friends are quite as contemptuous in their comments upon much that the Administration has done as the most bitter Republican and Democratic enemies of reform. They emphatically deny that the Administration has done any thing but cover its pledges with shame and the cause with ridicule. They insist that it has greatly perplexed and postponed the movement, and is entitled only to the most relentless censure of those who had trusted its promises. We wish to state this as strongly as possible, because we desire to show to those who feel so warmly that whatever justice there may be in these comments, and however we may sympathize with much that they say, something has yet been done.

The order of June of last year was not enforced vigorously and promptly as it should have been, but it has called public attention to the whole subject of official interference with elections more pointedly than any thing that has ever occurred, and has greatly stimulated inquiry and opposition, which have been of the greatest service in ripening public opinion. This is a signal gain to the reform—indirect, indeed, but none the less positive. Again, the known determination of the Administration in regard to political assessments upon office-holders, and its adoption of Secretary SCHURZ's circular upon the subject, have unquestionably liberated a great many excellent officers from an odious exaction, and stimulated an independence and self-respect in official circles which must necessarily produce the best effects. It is true, of course, that the shameful abuse is not wholly broken up, but it has received a very heavy blow, and future blows are made easier. The course taken by Collector BEARD in Boston and by Postmaster JAMES in New York may be regarded by all friends of reform as positive steps forward. All that these officers do, indeed, rests upon their will. And should the Democrats come into power, the very best officers would be turned out, and the abuses which they have corrected would be restored with renewed vigor. But the reform of the civil service is, first of all, a reform of public opinion, and every wise man sees that even if Mr. JAMES and Mr. BEARD were removed to-morrow, they have already done much to enlighten and determine that opinion.

Still further, the monstrous evil of Congressional dictation of appointments has been largely corrected. The Executive independence has been maintained. It is true that no complete and satisfactory substitute has been found, nor could it be found without Congressional co-operation. But the first step in dealing with the evil had to be taken by the Executive. To await Congressional aid was to expect an abuse to abolish itself. The Executive was compelled to prove its independence at enormous disadvantage, and to make appointments upon

such information as it could obtain, knowing, often, that the old abuse offered an easier way, but one that necessarily prostituted the service. The action of the Administration has not been uniform, and it has often failed. Sometimes, also, it has evidently abandoned its own principle. But with all short-comings it has done much to destroy Congressional dictation, and in doing it the Administration has still further enlightened public opinion by showing, in the hostility that it has earned from its own partisans in Congress, how deeply rooted the evil is. While, therefore, there is a great deal of reason in the complaints that are made from an absolute point of view, it is unfair to deride the Administration as if it had done nothing and cared nothing for reform. It has done very much more for it, with all exceptions made, than the last Administration, and the reason is that the President has decided convictions. A great deal of mischief has been done by false reports from Washington, conspicuously published, stating that he had done this or that thing in opposition to his known views. Thus it has been announced that he had modified his order of last June, that he had withdrawn his objections to political assessments, and that he had decided to surrender his right of appointment to members of Congress, that there might be "harmony" and "a united party." These were all inventions of the glory-to-God-regards-to-BABCOCK statesmen, who especially abhor goody-goody and Sunday-school politics, which is their name for whatever threatens their ascendency. We could all wish perfect consistency in the conduct of Administrations, but it must be remembered that substantial progress is often inconsistently secured.

A SENATOR'S FIDELITY VINDICATED.

THERE are controversies which are exceedingly disagreeable, but which are none the less unavoidable. When Mr. SUMNER was responsibly accused of official negligence, it could not have been supposed that his friends would suffer the accusation to pass unnoticed. A warm discussion arose, in which eminent gentlemen took part. The charge that he retarded the business of the Foreign Committee of the Senate, and that by pigeon-holing treaties he prevented action by the Senate, was made by the late and respected Secretary of State. The charge may have seemed unimportant to those who urged it, but it did not seem so to those who had always believed Mr. SUMNER to be a singularly conscientious and faithful officer, and it was put forward also by those who were known not to be friendly to him. Happily an examination of the records of the Senate, made at the instance of Mr. SUMNER'S successor, proved conclusively that the accusation was wholly unfounded, that he neither pigeon-holed treaties nor delayed the action of the Senate, and he was completely exonerated from an injurious charge. A prompt acknowledgment of the error was all that was to be expected, but unhappily it has not yet appeared.

The discussion extended itself to the reasons of Mr. SUMNER'S virtual removal from the chairmanship of the committee of which he had been so long the head, and the late Assistant Secretary of State wrote a paper stating in substance that Mr. SUMNER was removed not because of his official negligence, nor of his personal relations with the Executive Department, which was the reason alleged at the time, but because of his views in regard to British occupation upon this continent, which would probably imperil the then contemplated Treaty of Washington. But here, again, the ex-Assistant Secretary could hardly suppose that the friends of Mr. SUMNER would allow the distinct, detailed, and reiterated charge of official negligence to be whistled out of sight to enable the responsible authors, whose inaccuracy upon the point had been established by the record, to bring fresh accusations. It may well have been that with his views upon the subject of British occupation, whether sound or unsound, Mr. SUMNER may not have been a desirable chairman at that juncture, and it may have been also politic to declare a fictitious or inadequate reason for his removal. But two things are strange: one is that neither Senator HOWE, the spokesman of the caucus, nor any other Senator who took part in the removal, ever mentioned or apparently knew the reason now alleged for the removal, of which Mr. HOWE, indeed, in his late reply to Mr. JULIAN, shows that he had never heard; and the other is, that as negligence was not urged as a reason for removal, and has since been fully disproved, and as the English reason is now frankly stated to have been the real one, the accusation of negligence was not frankly withdrawn.

Mr. PIERCE, the biographer of Mr. SUMNER, has now placed the whole case upon record in the pages of the *North American Review* for July–August, and the vindication of the Senator's fidelity is complete. It shows him to have been perfectly frank and faithful throughout, and it leaves his opponents in the uncomfortable position of explaining his removal by a fictitious reason at the time, and by a subsequent accusation of negligence which has been officially disproved. The *finesse* of procuring his removal without an explanation that might have prejudiced the contemplated treaty is intelligible, and might have been accepted generally as a piece of state-craft. What is not intelligible is that an injurious accusation against an honorable public servant, which was in no manner necessary to the *finesse* mentioned, should not have been promptly withdrawn upon the instant that it was disproved. Mr. PIERCE'S work has not been in vain. The care of the good name of public men is a sacred duty.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM HENLEY.

IT has been a summer of great athletic glory for Harvard and Columbia. Harvard in her aquatic and field contests with Yale, and Columbia in her great heat at Henley with Oxford, have marked days of the most flaming red-letter in their calendars. The interest in the English contest was very great and very prolonged. The double victory on the first day, that of the Columbia crew and of the "Shoes," whetted the general excitement, so that a double defeat on the second day would have been deplorable and almost intolerable to young patriots. As it was, however, the triumph of Columbia was great and clear, and atoned to the patriotic soul for the misfortune of the "Shoes." There was, no doubt, a good deal of dismay in well-regulated boating circles at the success of the "Shoes" on the first day. If the triumph at Watkins was to be sealed by one at Henley, what was to become of "form?" Major O'Gahager did not regret the murder, but only that the shooting was out of rule. If races were to be won out of rule—that is, without rare steaks, abstinence, and early bed—where were we?

Happily for sound training, "form" is victorious. The unlucky "Shoe" who was prostrated with a cruelly untimely illness will always believe probably that had he but trained as the college crews train, he might have pulled home gayly with one hand, as on the blithe first day. But, again, the day at Watkins and the first day at Henley on the part of the "Shoes" may give the most zealous trainers pause. In any case it was a famous victory, and the Columbians well earned the hearty shouts that their home comrades gave them when the good news came. The only thing that clouds the general joy is an apparent disposition, as shown in the reports, to "foul" the winning boats. It has been a tradition that John Bull loves fair play, but some of the stories from Henley discredit it. For the young gentlemen of Columbia, who justly rejoice, it remains to prove that they can study as well as row, and that their ambition is to put their college, as they put their boat, ahead of all others.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CARABAS.

THE admirers of Lord BEACONSFIELD are exultingly confident that he will return triumphantly to England, dissolve Parliament to secure even a more powerful majority, and be made a duke, as the civil MARLBOROUGH who has restored the ancient glory of England, and stayed the advance of Russia to the Bosporus and the Mediterranean. Yet, in plain fact, he is doing very much what Mr. GLADSTONE two years ago advised should be done, and his attitude of defender of the public law of Europe is exceedingly ludicrous in presence of the Anglo-Russian agreement. Our readers will have seen the story of this document. It is simply this, that England, or Lord BEACONSFIELD, rejected the Treaty of San Stefano on the ground that a general European treaty like that of Paris could be superseded or modified only by the consent of Europe in a Congress. This was his fine public position—England defending European rights. But Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice. Meanwhile he had privately agreed with Russia to modify the European settlement in their mutual interests, and so goes into the Congress to ratify under solemn public forms a private bargain already concluded.

The bargain, moreover, is not to the detriment of Russia, and provides what the opposition in England has demanded. Russia proposed, before fighting, to lay restrictions upon Turkey in concert with Europe. Lord BEACONSFIELD refused. Russia fought, and England morally encouraged Turkey. Russia conquered, and Lord BEACONSFIELD unites with Russia virtually to abolish Turkey in Europe. The question is naturally asked on all sides, Why, then, did he not agree to settle the question at the Constantinople Conference? The reply given by his more zealous followers is that the Berlin Memorandum, and all the proceedings before the war, assumed that England was really a secondary and unimportant power; that Lord BEACONSFIELD determined that there should be no settlement except in a way that acknowledged the old power of England; that he attributed the decline of her prestige to the actual want of fighting material; that he suddenly revealed an exhaustless supply in India; that Europe at once comprehended the situation; that Russia reluctantly lifted her hand from St. Sophia, which it was just grasping; that Old England is herself again; and that—Huzzay! huzzay! for my Lord Duke of Carabas! But when the clouds of incense scatter, Lord BEACONSFIELD, the defender of European public law and the friend of Turkey, is seen overthrowing the one and abolishing the other.

It is alleged that he has stayed Russia; but Russia gains very much more than she would have gained had the Conference of Constantinople settled the question. She recovers Bessarabia, she advances to the Balkans, while Turkey south of the Balkans is placed under a Christian Governor, and Russia is established at Batum, on the Black Sea. If, as the BEACONSFIELD party assert, Russia would have occupied Constantinople within a week if the British fleet had not advanced, the reply is that Russia would not have been near Constantinople had not Lord BEACONSFIELD encouraged the Turk to reject the Conference. If England is satisfied with a result which is agreeable to Russia, nothing is more probable than Lord BEACONSFIELD'S dukedom and a long Tory *régime*.

PERSONAL.

THE late Mr. GEORGE S. APPLETON was not only an excellent man of business, but a gentleman of culture, especially as a linguist, and possessed exceptionally fine taste in works of art. He was a very just man in reference to his employés, and mindful of the interest and comfort of those who served the house faithfully. "You earned more last year than your salary; your salary will be increased next year, and you will find an extra amount to your credit for last year," is the sort of talk that some of the persons in his employ will remember to have listened to; and when, perhaps, they were feeling just a little tired from overwork, it would not have been strange if they had heard him say, in his bluff, hearty way, "Go off, take a vacation, take your wife along; I'll pay the expenses, and get some one to do your work while you are away." Few men were more uniformly guided by a high sense of integrity than Mr. APPLETON, and his death removes from the publishing guild one of its most intelligent and esteemed members.

—The following paragraph, which will be of interest to all New Yorkers, is taken from a faded and crumpled copy of the New York *Gazette* for October 14, 1815. It was found on the back of the frame of an old-fashioned sampler worked by Miss MARIA ARCULARIUS, whose father was a Dutch baker in New York during the Revolutionary war: "It is in contemplation, we learn, that when the great opening from the East to the North River (from Beekman Slip through Fair and Partition streets) is completed to call it 'FULTON STREET,' out of respect to the memory of the man who has done so much for his country in the application of steam to nautical purposes. It will be recollected, that the Fulton Steamboat Wharf is at the south end of this new street, and another wharf for steamboats at the north end of it."

—That popular humorous lecturer DE CORDOVA was a passenger by the *Scythia* on her last trip from Liverpool to New York, and, as a matter of course, bore his part in all the impromptu social entertainments that enlivened the tedium of the voyage. One day a happy thought struck one of the passengers, that DE CORDOVA should be invited to deliver one of his inimitable lectures in the ship's saloon, and that the proceeds should be divided equally between a Liverpool and a New York charity; but the captain refused the use of the saloon for this purpose, unless all the proceeds were given to Liverpool. The English passengers were quite as indignant as the Americans at this dog-in-the-manger attitude, and tried in vain to induce the captain to change his mind. Finding him obstinate, the passengers invited DE CORDOVA to give them a lecture on deck, and one fine afternoon were entertained with a witty and humorous familiar talk about "Mrs. Grundy." All were delighted; and when the hat was passed round, a very liberal contribution was made, the whole of which, by the express desire of the English passengers, who gave all the more freely to show their disapprobation of the captain's obstinacy, was handed over to the Children's Aid Society of this city. But for the illiberality of the captain, half of the sum would have gone to some Liverpool charity.

—Writing of DE CORDOVA reminds us of a new extravaganza of his, recently published by CARLETON. It is called *Mrs. Fizzlebury's New Girl*, and its sparkling absurdities afford a most pleasant hour's entertainment.

—Professor DRISLER made a neat, hearty little speech at the impromptu banquet at DELMONICO'S given to celebrate the victory of the Columbias. He also telegraphed his compliments in Latin to the crew in London, which was probably received, unless they were "non comatibus in swampo" after swamping the bold Britons.

—At the late Commencement exercises at Union College, Schenectady, there was a little side show that was not without interest, viz., the reunion of the class of 1838, after forty years since graduation. The following persons were present: S. S. H. PARSONS; ABRAHAM VAN VECHTEN; Rev. CLARENCE WALWORTH, of Albany; Rev. ROBERT WASHBON, of Albany County; STEPHEN L. MAGOUN, of Hudson; ANSEL J. M'CALL, of Bath; JAMES S. M'LAUREY, of Delaware County; Judge NOXON and C. B. WHEELER, of Syracuse.

—JOHN W. HONE, foreman of one of the composing-rooms at HARPER & BROTHERS', died on the 10th of July at his home in Brooklyn. Mr. HONE had been employed at HARPER'S for thirty years. He was an intelligent, well-informed man, and enjoyed the esteem and confidence of all who knew him. He was a great sufferer during the last months of his life, but bore the trial with Christian patience and resignation.

—Senator THURMAN is one of the most unostentatious men in the Senate. He usually drapes himself in gray clothes, of a baggy comfortableness, and carries a snuff-box, *à la* H. CLAY, which, with silent politeness, he extends to you for a pinch. He is of very domestic habits, yet no man in Washington shines better at a bright dinner than he.

—Professor A. L. PERRY completes this year his twenty-fifth year of service in Williams College. Only three men in the history of the college have labored longer as professors—Professors KELLOGG, HOPKINS, and TATLOCK.

—The London *Examiner* says: "The late WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was, perhaps, except VICTOR HUGO, the only poet of our time who was also a good public speaker. At the banquet given in New York to the English Commissioners sent over to negotiate the Washington Treaty, Mr. BRYANT'S was decidedly the speech of the evening. The present leader of the House of Commons, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, is said to have been greatly impressed by the grace and eloquence of the venerable poet."

—An interesting ceremony occurred a few days since in Niagara County, New York, on the Tuscarora Reservation—a tract of land about four miles square, set apart for the Tuscarora Indians, now reduced to 412 people. It was the installation for life of two chiefs, and was witnessed by about 4000 people. There were also present four chiefs of the Onondagas, fifteen chiefs of the Senecas, and one Oneida chief. Every one of the Six Nations was present. WILLIAM and PHILIP JOHNSON, the new chiefs, aged eighteen and twenty-one respectively, are both students in the Union School at Lockport, and are very intelligent. After the installation there was a dinner, and then a dance, in which the young pale-faces "swung round" with "heap young squaw."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE President, on the 11th inst., removed General Chester A. Arthur, Collector of Customs at the Port of New York, and appointed General E. A. Merritt, the present Surveyor of the Port, in his stead. He also removed Hon. A. B. Cornell, Naval Officer, and appointed in his place Hon. S. W. Burt, Deputy Naval Officer.

The Arkansas Democrats met at Little Rock, on the 4th inst., and renominated Governor W. R. Miller; the Alabama Republicans met at Montgomery, the same day, and adjourned without making any nominations; the Michigan Democratic Convention, on the 10th, nominated for Governor, O. M. Barnes, for Lieutenant-Governor, A. P. Swineford; and the Missouri Democrats also made State nominations.

The news from the Indian country is encouraging. General Howard found the savages in force near the head of Butler Creek. The Indians were driven three times from their strongholds, and their camp was captured.

FOREIGN NEWS.

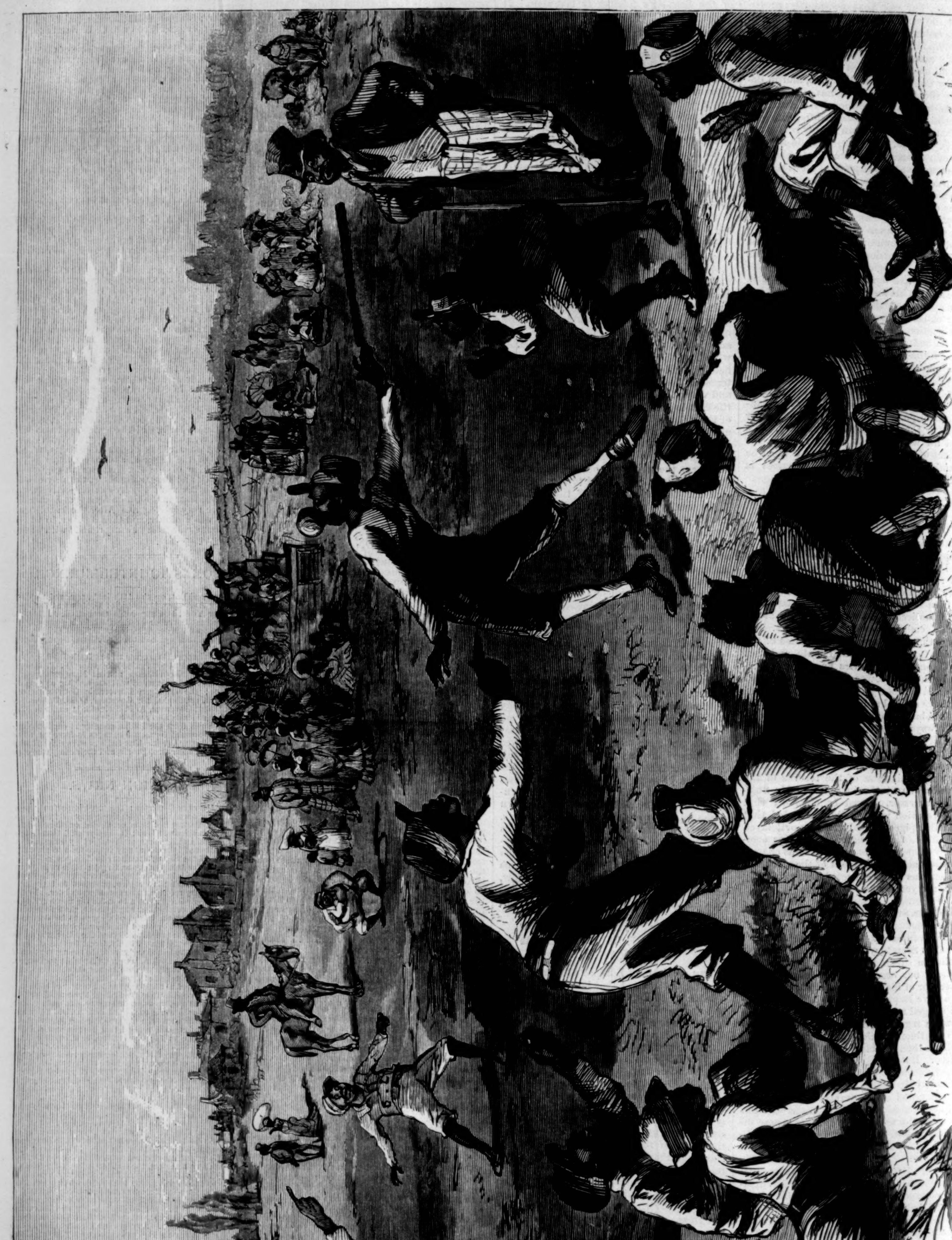
THE EASTERN QUESTION: The most important news of the week was that a defensive treaty between England and Turkey had been concluded on the 4th ult. The terms are as follows: It is stipulated that if Batum, Kars, and Ardahan are retained by Russia, and if an attempt is made at any future time to annex a portion of the Sultan's territory in Asia not ceded by the definitive treaty of peace, Great Britain engages to join the Sultan in defending his territory by force of arms. The Sultan, in return, promises to introduce the necessary reforms, to be agreed upon later. In order to enable Great Britain to make the necessary provision for executing her engagement, the Sultan consents to assign the island of Cyprus to be occupied and administered by Great Britain, which agrees to pay to the Porte the present excess of the island's revenue over its expenditure. Finally, Great Britain engages to evacuate the island and terminate the convention if Russia restores Batum, Kars, and Ardahan to Turkey. In the British House of Commons, on the 8th inst., Mr. Cross, the Home Secretary, said that the treaty might be communicated to the Congress as a matter of courtesy, but no representations confirming it, or modification of its provisions, would be listened to. In an interview with Prince Gortchakoff, Lord Beaconsfield fully and frankly defended the Anglo-Turkish Convention. Prince Gortchakoff replied that Russia saw nothing objectionable in the Convention, as she entertained no projects for aggrandizement on the coast of Asiatic Turkey. He perceived no difference between England's occupation of Cyprus and her occupation of Malta. He would always be pleased with every thing tending to strengthen England's road to India, because calculated to promote the prosperity of the whole world. Prince Gortchakoff and Beaconsfield then shook hands, as a pledge of the new relations between the two powers. The London *Daily Telegraph* believes that the British flag was hoisted at Cyprus on the 8th inst., by Lord John Hay, the commander of the Channel Squadron, who had sealed orders to that effect, to be opened on receipt of a telegraphic dispatch. It is believed that the Congress has decided that, while Russia receives Batum as a free port, the territory principally inhabited by the Lazis is excepted from Russian control. In return for this concession the British plenipotentiaries accepted the substitution of the expression "essentially commercial" instead of "exclusively commercial" as applied to the port of Batum.—Prince Milan has proclaimed the independence of Servia.—The Greek question is settled. A resolution is said to have been passed inviting the Porte to come to an understanding with Greece for the rectification of her frontiers, and declaring that the Congress is of opinion that the line should be from the valley of the Salambria, on the Ægean Sea, to the mouth of the Kalamos River, opposite Corfu. In the event of difficulties arising in the negotiation, the powers are ready to render their good offices as mediators.—The Austrian army that will occupy Bosnia and Herzegovina numbers 70,000 men, with 240 guns.

A dispatch to the London *Times* from Calcutta reports that 4700 houses have been destroyed by a conflagration in Mandelay, the capital of Burmah.

An explosion in a petroleum factory at Lyons, in France, on the 7th inst., killed thirty persons.

Twenty-two supplementary elections were held in France, on the 7th inst., for Deputies. They resulted in the return of 17 Republicans and 3 Conservatives.

A telegram from Sydney, dated the 11th inst., says that two tribes of natives have risen against the government on the island of New Caledonia, and massacred 125 white people, including women and children. They also captured two military stations.



BASE-BALL AT BLACKVILLE—THE "WHITE STOCKINGS" AGAINST THE "BLACK LEGS"—FIRST BLOOD FOR THE "BLACK LEGS."—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.]

AMONG ALIENS.

BY MRS. FRANCES E. TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT," "VERONICA," "ANNE FURNESS," "MABEL'S PROGRESS," "THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE Princess drove a hard bargain. I think we should not have come to terms at all but for my desire to frequent that uninviting school-room in the Palazzo Corleoni, and see for myself how things went there. But when the Princess said it was one of the conditions of the arrangement that I should come and work in her house, and not carry away any of the objects which were to be painted, the temptation was too strong for me, and I accepted very miserable pay rather than give the thing up. I could think of no better course of conduct to pursue than quietly and carefully to watch over Lucy, and endeavor to judge of her feeling toward Don Vittorio, without yielding to any rash impulse of anger or suspicion.

For suspicion, in truth, I had no tangible grounds—nothing that I could have told to a third person without the risk of my words either being disregarded, or having an exaggerated importance attached to them. And this latter was a result which I should most earnestly endeavor to avoid. The only person in whom I could confide any trouble or perplexity which assailed me—the only friend, indeed, I had in Rome—was my master, Alessandro Santi, and I would have trusted his judgment on most subjects as fully as I trusted the goodness of his intentions toward my sister and myself. But on this subject—no! I knew enough of Italian modes of thought to be sure that Signor Sandro would put but one interpretation on Don Vittorio's visits to the school-room; but this was not all: Signor Sandro would infallibly assume that those visits implied to Lucy's mind all, or nearly all, that they implied to his own. My shrewd old master much approved of the superior freedom granted to English girls, as compared with the restraints placed upon Italian girls, although his notions about it were very imperfect; but he drew several erroneous inferences from that which he did know. One of these inferences was that an English girl, accustomed to mingle freely in society instead of being shut up in a convent, and brought out thence to be married, must necessarily have a copious knowledge of the world—a phrase which I have generally found to be a euphemism for "knowledge of the evil things in the world." The mixture of simplicity, fearlessness, and romance in a character like Lucy's was beyond his comprehension. He could have conceived a nun-taught Roman school-girl falling an innocent victim to Don Vittorio's fascinations, but not a bright, capable English girl who trotted about the streets of Rome unattended, and read the newspapers, whereas the convent-bred imagination would in all probability have taken the alarm first. To it men in general were wolves, and young girls only to be saved from them by implicit obedience to their experienced pastors, spiritual and temporal. How could a mind so taught weave a web of romantic fancies about such a one as Don Vittorio Alfonso de Principi Corleoni?—a gossamer, fairy-like, moon-lit tissue of girlish dreams and vague tenderness, no more like conscious passion than the cool glitter of Hesperus is like the fires of Etna!

Yet some such dream it was that I feared for Lucy. Or rather I feared the awakening from it that must come. The worship of "some bright particular star" is often a not unsweet prelude in a young girl's heart to the deeper music of real love. But suddenly to find that your star is but a coarse flame fed by foul tallow, to feel the wings of your spirit scorched and withered in its glare and stench—that is a hideous experience which I was resolved to spare my Lucy at almost any cost, and by almost any effort.

But then, after all, it might be that I was mistaken and overanxious. I kept this alternative before my mind as a possibility, and for a while all my observations seemed to tend toward raising it to a probability.

I went daily to the Palazzo Corleoni to work for Donna Laura and to help her in her work. I found that we were not to paint in the school-room, but in a small cabinet near to the Princess's boudoir, so that she could easily come in and inspect our progress, which she did very often. But although I was thus not constantly with Lucy, I was within reach of her, and frequently had an opportunity of going into the school-room; for the two younger girls had undertaken, as their contribution to the bazar, to color and gild some initial letters on card-board, copied from an old illuminated missal, and this performance I was asked to superintend. This had not been in the bond when the Princess engaged me, but I was only too willing to make frequent visits to the school-room where the little girls were at work, so long as Lucy was there also. My presence there was never unwelcome, because, as Donna Laura candidly observed, the children improved in talking English at the same time that they worked at their illuminations, both Lucy and I being strictly enjoined never to converse with them but in our own language.

During all this time I never once found Don Vittorio in the school-room. But I saw him occasionally, nevertheless. He would lounge in of a morning to look at our drawings, and to criticise his sister's with fraternal severity. About mine he said nothing, and appeared scarcely to see them. Only once, in an access, as it seemed, of ill temper, he remarked to Donna Laura that she was a fool to allow her performances to be exhibited in juxtaposition with mine. Donna Laura answered very good-humoredly that she had no pretensions to be an artist like Meess Wilson, who was a favorite pupil of Professor Santi.

The Princess chanced to overhear these two speeches as she was coming into the painting-room. She chanced to overhear a great many of the speeches made in her house; and I was often struck by the familiar knowledge she displayed of things said and done out of her presence. On this occasion she gave Don Vittorio a little lecture; saying that Laura had no need to be ashamed of her work, no matter how poor it might be in an artistic point of view, for that her pious motive in doing it rendered it worth something in the eyes of all good persons; and that, moreover, since the Holy Father himself expressly approved the object of the bazar, she thought it would be becoming in every body to avoid all spirit of levity in thinking or speaking of it.

The Princess's manner was very smooth, but I thought I detected a steely hardness underneath the velvet. The expression of her haughty features and dark stern eyes was not in harmony with the pious humility of her words. In short, she seemed to me to be like an able actress determined on playing a part for which Nature had not fitted her. In observing her, Signor Sandro's words recurred to me: "They tell me she has *taken to devotion* in these days." Her devotion, however, did not interfere with her mundane affairs. She governed her household with a strict rule and the most minute knowledge of details. I do not believe that her cook or her steward could have succeeded in cheating her out of a farthing. If they did peculate, after the manner of their kind, she knew it, and knew the precise extent of their peculations. But if it suited her to appear blind to them, she would shut her eyes at the proper moment without the smallest scruple; and with as little compunction would she accuse and expose the culprit the moment his misdeeds went beyond the limit she had mentally assigned to them as tolerable. I think she carried out this method in dealing with her children. For example, Don Vittorio (who was her favorite) had a great deal of apparent freedom and independence; but I was persuaded from the first that the Princess kept a certain power in her own hands, and that however long her son's tether might be, still he was tethered. As to the Prince Bastiani-Corleoni, he was, for me, as invisible a potentate as the Mikado of Japan. I heard from others that he was a mild-mannered gentleman of handsome presence and orthodox principles, whose chief occupation in life was to audit and pass the accounts prepared for him by his wife in her vigilant management of their estate, and whose chief pastime was shooting over a domain he possessed in a distant part of the Maremma, where the wild birds throve, and the peasants languished in the malaria.

After the little reproof to Don Vittorio which I have mentioned, the Princess turned to me and said, "Ah, you are a pupil of Sandro Santi?" (She had known this fact perfectly, long ago.) "He is a very clever painter, and, I am told, even a better master."

"He is a rabid 'Red,'" observed Don Vittorio, in a tone of cold contempt. "When we had a government he was banished as dangerous. I suppose now he is considered a shining light, or at least no worse than the rest."

I took no more heed of this speech than if I had been stone-deaf, but went on painting steadily, conscious all the time that the Princess was watching me as steadily. She made a pause before speaking as though she thought it possible that I might take up the glove thus openly thrown down by her son; but when she finally spoke, she did so in the tone of one answering on an instant impulse. "Oh, my son," she said, "do not let us forget Christian charity in our judgment even of those who are misguided enough to rebel against their sovereign and father. What you speak of happened long ago. Perhaps years have brought better counsel to Santi. He is getting old now, and very likely repents the errors of his youth. Let us hope so."

I had an instinctive feeling that she expected this speech to call forth some reply from me. But I took no more heed of it than of Don Vittorio's; painting on steadily, with the Princess watching me steadily, as before.

For the first week she did not talk much to me during her visits to the painting-room. I think she was observing me, and trying to read my character. After a while she began to converse with me, always putting direct questions, and not betraying any annoyance (although I think she felt some) at the laconic brevity of my answers. In this fashion, and by a methodically regular process, she catechised me about my history, and learned the little there was to know: as, for instance, that I had studied drawing in England before my father's death; that my father had been an architect; that I had a small yearly income between me and destitution; that Lucy inherited a sum of two thousand pounds from her mother; that I hoped to follow the profession of a painter, and had come to Rome with the view of qualifying myself to do so; and that I had had an introduction to Santi from my old Italian teacher, who knew him years ago. I was amused to find afterward that she had previously cross-questioned Lucy in precisely the same manner, and had evidently examined me with the intention of comparing and sifting our statements. The

"MY PICTURES HAD ALSO THE HONOR TO BE SUBMITTED TO THE GAZE OF THE CARDINAL."

effect produced on Lucy by this sort of catechism was very different from that which it made on me. She accepted the Princess's questioning as a proof of kindly interest in us. And it was true that that haughty dame treated Lucy with much more sweetness of manner than she thought it worth while to bestow on me. She had managed to soothe Lucy's natural timidity and to conquer her shyness; and that once done, it was not difficult to win some affection from her. There never was a nature which responded more immediately to the least show of kindness than my sister's. And the facility with which she fell under the influence of those around her was a weakness in her character which I was sure the Princess Corleoni had not failed to perceive. And then the query presented itself to my mind, What motive could the Princess have for influencing and attracting Lucy?

I puzzled over this riddle, turning and twisting it this way and that, and never coming to a satisfactory solution. A year or two ago I should simply have accepted the Princess's kind, caressing manner to my sister as the most natural thing in the world, which needed no explanation. Lucy was used to be petted and spoken softly to from a little child. But my year's residence in Rome had made me suspicious of such behavior on the part of such a woman as the haughty Princess Olympia. Sometimes, however, I went back to my old simple way of looking at things. Why should not the Princess be kind to Lucy solely because she liked the girl's soft ways and sweet looks? Then again I rejected this idea, and told myself that a thousand minute circumstances tended to show that the Princess was carrying out a line of conduct dictated by calculation rather than feeling. Once or twice the wild notion darted into my mind that the Princess perceived Don Vittorio's admiration for Lucy, and was inclined to yield to her son's wishes in the matter; she harped a good deal on Lucy's little fortune, and one day used the phrase "a nice *dot*," or dowry, in speaking of it. But of course such a notion *was* wild, and not to be entertained in sober seriousness. Poor Lucy's money could not possibly offer any temptations to such people as the Corleonis; the interest of it would not pay Don Vittorio's tailor for half a year. Besides, she was a girl of no family, giving lessons for pay, a foreigner, and—worse than all—a heretic! No, no; the thing was too outrageously absurd and improbable, and could only have flitted into a brain weary and perplexed with unavailing ponderings on one subject.

Before the day of the great bazar arrived, however, I had got hold of a clew to the enigma.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN I look back on that period of my employment in the Palazzo Corleoni, it seems to have extended over a long time; and yet the dates in a little diary or memorandum-book which I kept then show that barely three weeks elapsed from the first day to the last of my engagement. But the time seemed long to me then, and seems long in the retrospect, because several incidents of great interest in my life were crowded into it.

I did not neglect the object which had chiefly induced me at first to go to the Palazzo Corleoni, namely, to see for myself what terms Don Vittorio was on with my sister, whether he visited the school-room daily, and to watch his behavior toward Lucy with jealous scrutiny. But it was not possible, of course, that I should devote myself wholly to that object. Having undertaken to make certain drawings, I was bound to execute them to the best of my ability, and honestly to fulfill my part of the bargain by helping and counselling Donna Laura. And besides, as I have said, I was not free to be in my sister's company whensoever it pleased me to seek it. Still I flattered myself that my opportunities for observation were sufficient to assure me that Don Vittorio took no special pains to see Lucy. And I began to think that I had altogether overestimated the danger to her peace of mind from the attention bestowed on her by those handsome, inscrutable, sapphire-tinted eyes. I had refrained from hinting my fears and surmises to Lucy. If she were fancy free, it was not for me to trouble the innocent serenity of her mind. If she were indulging in any girlish romance, open interference and opposition might put her into an attitude of antagonism toward me, which would weaken my influence over her and diminish my means of standing between her and sorrow.

She talked to me freely enough, when we were at home of an evening, about the Corleonis; about the Princess especially, whose virtues and piety she descanted on at length. And sometimes she would use a phraseology in speaking of them which instantly struck on my ear as being foreign to Lucy's usual way of talking, and which I was convinced she had caught and unconsciously imitated from somebody. Possibly it was from the Princess herself, I thought, who habitually used a certain pietistic jargon peculiar to her Church. Every Church has its own, I suppose; at least I knew that such was the case with more than one dissenting sect in my native town; and now I found that the orthodox and strictly Catholic Romans had plenty of sentences and turns of speech ready cut and dried for use in discoursing on religious matters. Some of these were almost as purely technical as Signor Sandro's studio talk, and always suggested to my mind something unpleasantly mechanical and prosaic. Lucy, however, did not feel them to be so. She was less critical—perhaps less hard—than I. Then, too, the Princess's partiality flattered her—simple-hearted child that she was. And certainly that partiality seemed to increase daily. Lucy was frequently invited to sit with the Princess in her boudoir while Donna Laura and I were painting, and she generally was bidden to remain there even during the visits of certain exalted personages who were among the Princess Olympia's most intimate and valued guests. Such a degree of favor was never extended to me—to my inward thankfulness! And why—*why*, I wondered more and more day by day, was it bestowed on Lucy?

One afternoon the Princess entered the painting-room, where her daughter and I were at work, and said, with an impressive air, "Laura, his Eminence would like to see some of your drawings. He is very much interested and pleased to hear that you are working so well for our bazar. Bring them in to the boudoir. Madame De Clavigny is there too."

Donna Laura prepared to obey, and began to divest herself of the holland blouse which she wore while painting. The Princess turned back to me as if struck by an after-thought, and said, "Would you like to bring some of your drawings also, Mees Wilson?"

"If you will excuse me, madam, I would rather go on with my work. The daylight hours are few and precious."

I thought the Princess looked by no means displeased at my refusal. "As you please, as you please," she said, with a gracious bend of the head. But Donna Laura, with a good honest impulse, insisted that I should come too, and display a pair of hand screens of my painting, which she thought particularly well executed. "You know," said she, "Madame De Clavigny is very rich, and very fond of buying pretty things, and who knows but she may give you an order for a picture? You always say you want to earn money. Don't throw away a chance. I shall tell her that you have done the best things, and helped me with mine."

With all her bluntness and absence of suavity, I had long ago discovered that Donna Laura had some kindness of heart; and her character impressed me as being incomparably more lovable than that of any other member of the family with whom I was acquainted.

"It is kind of you to consider my interests, Donna Laura," said I, hesitatingly. At that moment I caught a look of annoyance on the Princess's face which determined my decision. I am ashamed to own that a sentiment of rebellion against the Princess's velvet-gloved iron will was a stronger motive for displaying my work in the boudoir than any hope of selling a picture to Madame De Clavigny. It was childish, perhaps, but I could not help saying to myself, "You *sha'n't* have your own way this time! I'll take you at your word." So I finished my answer to Donna Laura thus: "And as you say, it would be foolish to throw away a chance. I will work an extra half hour for you to-morrow, if I lose a little daylight now."

I think that if Donna Laura had been looking at her lady mother's face at that moment she would have repented her rash insistence, for a cloud on that dark brow was a formidable sight to all who lived under the rule of Olympia Corleoni. But the girl was happily unconscious of the cloud on this occasion, and in an instant it had passed away, and the Princess looked her usual composed and slightly sanctimonious self.

In the boudoir—an eye-afflicting apartment hung with damask of the color of the yolk of an egg, on which about a dozen vilely executed copies of well-known pictures by old masters glared from out massive gilt frames—the distinguished company was seated after the fashion of distinguished companies in thoroughly Italian houses. That is to say, the chairs were all ranged in a formal semicircle, as if some one were presently expected to "address the meeting." The company on this occasion was very distinguished—all but one member of it. The undistinguished member was my little Lucy. I caught sight of her curly head directly I went in, just visible behind and above the black velvet and sables which covered the portly person of Madame De Clavigny. This lady was the wife of a diplomate accredited to the Vatican, and was a leading personage in the orthodox and aristocratic circles of Roman society. Next to her, enthroned in the most comfortable arm-chair in the room, sat a tall, thin, hatchet-faced old gentleman in black ecclesiastical garb. His lean old hands, partly incased in knitted woolen mittens, were crossed on his knee, and his lean old legs in scarlet stockings were crossed over one another, and his watery blue eyes looked very mild and not a little stupid. And this was his Eminence the Cardinal Zampini, Archbishop of Borgofosco, and a reverend pillar of the Church. Near to him, just the least trifle behind him, and within easy reach of his Eminence's ear, sat one who looked neither mild nor stupid, a certain Monsignor Chiappaforti, well known in more than one social sphere of the Eternal City. Monsignore was at present in attendance on the Cardinal—told off, as it were, to be *aide-de-camp* to that aged major-general of the Church Militant during the latter's stay in Rome; for his Eminence did not reside in the capital, but had temporarily deprived his flock at Borgofosco of the light of his countenance, having some business to transact at the Vatican. Chiappaforti's round, smooth-shaven, good-humored face was very attractive at first sight to many persons. The quality I have most frequently heard attributed to him was *bonhomie*. "Monsignor Chiappaforti's manners have such a delightful *bonhomie* about them!" And he was undoubtedly quick-witted and well-educated. He laughed a great deal—a low, musical, seemingly spontaneous laugh. I say "seemingly spontaneous," because I am persuaded that he was a great deal too clever and sarcastic to be really ingenuously amused and delighted by half the things he laughed at with that air of almost infantine heartiness.

The conversation was being carried on in French in honor of Madame De Clavigny, who could speak nothing else. His Eminence did not shine particularly in the linguistic line, albeit we were told that he had passed many years in Belgium. But Monsignore spoke French very fluently, and English, and—I was told—German also; and he helped out the old Cardinal whenever he boggled for a word. In fact, he helped out every one who showed any tendency to boggle, and altogether drove his heterogeneous team into whatsoever conversational highways or byways it pleased him to follow, with the ease and skill of an accomplished whip. It must have been a hard-mouthed brute indeed that he could not manage, or at least one very resolutely and earnestly bent on going in a direction opposite to that in which Monsignore would fain guide him.

On the present occasion every one was willing to talk about the same topic—the forth-coming bazar, namely. I, as a mere supernumerary figure in the scene, was able to observe it all at my ease. Donna Laura, after having kissed his Eminence's hand—an action which, from a girl of her age to a white-haired pastor of her Church, seemed to me graceful and pretty—proceeded to display her screens and fans and card-board boxes before his reverend countenance while he sat still in his chair. Poor old gentleman, he did his best to seem pleased, but a more lack-lustre eye than that with which he contemplated the various objects held up before him one after the other it never was my lot to see. "Very pretty, very pretty. Ah! you are very clever. Yes, yes; very clever indeed!" These phrases he repeated over and over again in his mild, quavering old voice. And on the whole I don't know that he could have said any thing better. But Monsignore was a different sort of critic. His *bravas* were also profuse, but not so absolutely indiscriminating as those of his Eminence, and he interspersed them with neat little appreciative remarks on the various subjects portrayed, which somehow half persuaded even me that he took a lively interest in the whole affair.

After a while it came to the turn of my drawings to be exhibited. True to her word, Donna Laura specially called Madame De Clavigny's attention to them, and ungrudgingly gave me full credit for all I had done to help her. My pictures had also the honor to be submitted to the gaze of the Cardinal. I was sorry for him, so evidently was he bored and bewildered by this second tax on his complaisance and patience. But here again Monsignore came nobly to the rescue. He was pleased to praise my drawings in the most flattering terms. And after one very flowery eulogium he surprised me greatly by saying, "I am all the more delighted that this good work should have been done by the sister of our dear Signorina Lucia." And at the same time Lucy gave him a look of the most beaming gratitude. Nothing delighted her more than to hear me praised. It was a sure way to her favor. Her pleased look, therefore, was not surprising; but it was to me both surprising and puzzling to find her accepting the epithet of "our dear Signorina Lucia" from Monsignor Chiappaforti as a natural and accustomed form of speech. So absorbed was she in gazing on Monsignore with her trusting, innocent, grateful blue eyes, that she did not observe my astonishment. Monsignore, however, observed it. And he at once repeated the words, "our dear Signorina Lucia," looking amiably across at me. Then he bent a little closer to the Cardinal's ear, and whispered a few sentences into it; of which sentences the sibilant words "Sandro Santi" were all that I caught. Monsignore's eyes were inscrutably cast down while he whispered, but his Eminence instantly honored me with an attentive and not particularly benevolent stare.

When Lucy and I were at home that evening, I said to her that I had been surprised to hear Monsignor Chiappaforti speak of her and to her so familiar and affectionate a strain; to which she answered that he was the most kind and amiable of beings, and treated her rather as if she were a daughter of the house of Corleoni than as a poor teacher who worked there for pay; and that in all his ways and words he presented an edifying and touching example of Christian charity. And the Cardinal—was he not a dear venerable old man? Would I not admit that he was? I replied that as to the Cardinal I did not know enough of him to say whether he were "dear" or "venerable," but that for the moment I was not concerned to discuss that Prince of the Church. Lucy, however, still harped on his Eminence's venerable looks. "And I noticed," said she, "that you courtesied to him very reverently when you left the room, Catherine. I was so glad to see it!"

"To have done otherwise would have been gross ill manners, Lucy mine; but I assure you that my courtesy was not intended as a tribute to Cardinal Zampini's moral worth, about which I know absolutely nothing. I should have treated a Mandarin with just the same respect, if I had been presented to him in a Pekin drawing-room by a Princess of the Celestial Empire."

"Oh, Catherine!"

"Oh, Lucy!"

"I wish you wouldn't talk so, Catty dear."

"How is it that you have scarcely ever mentioned Monsignor Chiappaforti's name to me, and yet have become quite a dear friend of his, as it seems?"

"I fancied—it seemed to me as if you—you disliked all the Princess's friends, whenever I did mention them. And I think—I do think you are prejudiced against the Catholic clergy, Catherine. Perhaps Signor Santi puts it into your head. He *is* a Republican, I know, and I am afraid he has no religion."

This speech made me very grave. It was something new that Lucy should purposely avoid any topic to me. We differed by temperament and the very constitution of our minds on a hundred subjects; but we had hitherto discussed together whatever came into our heads with the freest confidence. For some time past I had felt the presence of a kind of veil between my young sister's mind and my own, although she was as gentle and affectionate toward me as ever. And a few days later I had another proof of it. I chanced to see in Lucy's bedroom—we occupied two tiny sleeping chambers, little more than closets, one on each side of the sitting-room—a large photograph of one of the well-known Madonnas of Giovanni Bellini. It was placed upright on the chest of drawers, and caught my eye at once. "That is a charming picture," said I. "Where did you get it, Lucy?"

"The Princess gave it to me."

"The Princess Corleoni? You *must* be in favor! I never heard of her giving any thing to any body. Why didn't you show it to me?"

Lucy colored and hesitated, but she answered at length plainly enough that she was afraid I might say something sarcastic, or might turn her picture into ridicule.

"*I?* Turn Giovanni Bellini into ridicule!"

"No; not Giovanni Bellini, Catherine, but the Madonna."

All at once a light flashed in on me at those words, which made every thing clear in a moment. They were trying to convert her! But why?—*why?*

Signor Sandro found an instant solution to this question when I hinted to him my suspicion (it was, indeed, far more than a suspicion), and told him how unhappy it made me. "Ah, *gid!*" he said, very quietly. "Lucia has fifty thousand *lire* of her own. A very nice little dowry to enter a religious house with."

I lay awake for hours that night with an aching heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COMMON SCHOOLS IN KENTUCKY.

IT is a promising trait of our political condition that education is still making its way to places where it has never flourished, that even the ultramontane influence has failed to check its progress at the North, and that in many of the Southern States the violent prejudices of caste are yielding to the useful influence of the intelligent teacher. Here, in fact, is our best hope of future union and peace. An educated community will prove our only safeguard against insincere and unworthy political leaders. The murderer, duellist, gambler, sink before the progress of knowledge. Educated communities punish or scorn them. Barbarism fades before the public school. Humanity and honesty surround the modest school-house. Cleanliness, sobriety, decency, are learned in childhood. Labor is cheered and adorned by the study of letters, and the humblest workman may spend at least one hour a day with the poets, historians, philosophers.

It is almost in such language that the teachers and friends of the Educational Association of Western Kentucky describe their labors and their hopes. Their meeting was held recently at Maysfield. The association extends through the counties of Ballard, Caldwell, and ten or twelve others. Its object is to improve the educational condition of the State. A change is passing over Kentucky. New aims, new hopes, are springing up. "The days of traditional hospitality are gone," says the Hon. H. A. M. HENDERSON, LL.D., in his intelligent address; "yet with the decline of hospitality there is a large growth of friendship to common schools and their officers. The common-school system has become the staple of a Gubernatorial campaign, the most frequent topic discussed at the fireside, in the shop, and on the curb-stone, and is the most commanding interest with which legislative capacity will have to deal. It is folly to presume that this system can ever be overthrown." With such language Kentucky politicians come before their constituents. Education is become the popular cry. An enthusiasm for knowledge, according to these animated speakers, has arisen among their people. They are resolved to sit at ease no longer while Ohio and Massachusetts educate themselves into powerful and wealthy communities, and Kentucky is left behind, with its wealth undeveloped and its fertile fields half tilled. They have discovered that knowledge is the secret of strength, and are resolved to possess it.

Nothing can be more interesting than the addresses of these ardent speakers, who have become suddenly fired by a high impulse. It seems not impossible that they may make their State one of the leaders of an unprecedented progress. President CHARLES ANDERSON indicates what must be the future policy of Kentucky. It must throw aside, he thinks, all exclusiveness, must invite immigration from every land; it must establish manufactures, cultivate industry. But in the common schools he sees the future crowning glory of Kentucky, the jewel of its civilization, the source of all its greatness. Unhappily as yet, we are told, the condition of education in the State is far from promising. Its school-houses are too often "miserable disease-creating pens;" its people have not learned to tax themselves for educational purposes; district taxation is small; the State supplies the chief but inadequate fund. Kentucky gives only $500,000 to its schools, while across the river Ohio raises by taxation $6,000,000. Dr. HENDERSON urges the people to tax themselves to protect their children, to redeem the State, and promises them a boundless progress as their reward. Nor can there be a doubt that all that he promises might be fulfilled. Kentucky offers to the immigrant endless attractions; her broad lands might support five times, at least, the present population; her material resources have never been explored; her rivers, mountains, forests, mines, contain all the sources of prosperity. She wants only, her educators say, knowledge.

Some practical suggestions are given by the speakers that are of real value. One urges the necessity of reading. "Suppose," he says, "you read one hour per day—just one single hour out of the twenty-four. During that hour you can read, after some little practice, fifty pages of an ordinary-sized book. Fifty pages make 350 pages per week, or 16,800 pages per year;" and he shows

that such a course of reading might include in one year Irving, Robertson, Lossing, Hume, Macaulay, Burke, and ABBOTT'S *Napoleon*. What young man, he asks, touching upon the most appropriate of themes, "wants to marry a sap-headed, gossipy girl?" or what young lady wants a husband without ideas? Miss PHŒBE GHOLSON tells some instructive stories. "Not long since," she says, "I was taking a walk at recess, and met a girl who was a stranger to me. I was much surprised at seeing a strange child in the neighborhood, for I thought I knew them all. She looked in my face, and asked, 'What's your name?' I replied, 'You tell me your name, and I will give you mine.' To my astonishment, I found she was the daughter of one of the nearest neighbors to the school-house. She said she was twelve years old, and had a brother aged fourteen years, and neither of them had ever seen the inside of a school-house or a church, nor had they ever heard the Bible read." Such incidents may, no doubt, occur as well in many of our Eastern cities, and the street Arabs of New York are probably as savage as any in Kentucky. In Kentucky, too, pride intervenes. The better-dressed children, it is said, are apt to look down upon the poorer; the theory of human equality is still odious to the barbarous instincts of caste. But we are assured that intelligent teaching is already softening this rudeness, that the equality of all American citizens is becoming a ruling principle in Kentucky, and that, as in Germany or Switzerland, princes and peasants will soon sit together on the same benches at school, and learn from each other humanity and a common unity of interest.

Could Kentucky succeed in establishing a system of common schools where distinctions of color, caste, or creed were wholly forgotten, where only mental differences were observed, whose aim was to develop talent, and direct it to the benefit of the community, its influence upon the history of the nation would be admirable. It might soon show the power of the intellect in the rapid growth of its population and its trade. It might produce a system of common schools more thoroughly republican than can elsewhere be found. Education is still with us in its infancy. It is a science of which we have as yet mastered only the rudiments. Parents and teachers sometimes conspire to destroy the intelligence and moral worth of children; our republican citizens are too often tainted with follies and touched by aspirations that even Europe has long laid aside. We are sometimes too indolent, sometimes perhaps too ardent, in teaching. But it is satisfactory to know that this enthusiasm for education has grown up in Kentucky, that common schools are ruling in the elections and discussed at every fireside. It is plain that the parents of the country are beginning to act as a party, to study their own wants, to take measures for enforcing them. And such a party would in every section of the Union soon outstrip all others. Happy the land in which the parental principle could become the governing one, in which education should be universal because the parents had resolved it should be so!

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE eighth report of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, has been published, and its financial condition is considered a subject of congratulation. No important purchases have been made during the year, the spare funds being required for the final settlement with General DI CESNOLA, house rent, and incidental expenses. A number of the treasures from Kurium have been reproduced by Messrs. TIFFANY & Co., producing a decided effect upon the prevailing taste of the community in regard to jewelry. The trustees having been unable, after a continued effort, to secure the funds necessary for the purchase of the CASTELLANI collection, it was repacked and shipped to Europe in March last. The total expenses incurred in the transfer from Philadelphia, the exhibition, and return to Europe of the collection amounted to a little more than the sum of charges for admission. The Museum expects to remain in its present location for another year. After that it will be removed to Central Park, and a heavy item of expenditure thus be saved. The place released by the shipment of the CASTELLANI collection will be occupied by the remainder of the CESNOLA material. The available funds for the year amounted to nearly $38,000, of which a small balance was on hand on the 1st of May. The total collection is valued at about $400,000. The expenses of the CESNOLA collections have amounted to nearly $140,000.

A young California salmon of a foot in length and nearly a pound in weight has been recently taken in Geneva Lake, Wisconsin, in all probability one of the number furnished by the United States Fish Commission to Mr. N. K. FAIRBANKS, and introduced in the autumn of 1875.

The Secretary of the Interior has transmitted to Congress the report of the Rocky Mountain Locust Commission in reference to their operations during the past year. This Commission, it will be remembered, consists of Professor CHARLES V. RILEY, of St. Louis, now the entomologist of the Department of Agriculture in Washington; Dr. A. S. PACKARD, Jun., of Salem, now Professor of Zoology at Brown University; and Professor CYRUS THOMAS, of Carbondale, Illinois.

Their labors have been very successful, and they have already made some important suggestions in regard to the ravages of this destructive insect. It is suggested that the Commission be continued for at least a year longer, with the assurance that in that time some satisfactory solution of the problem of protection will be presented.

A detailed report by the Commission is now in press, illustrated by numerous engravings, and forming a volume of about 500 pages. This contains articles on the geographical distribution of the locust, its migrations, natural history, habits, metamorphoses, enemies, remedies, the influence of prairie fires and of the weather, etc. From this it is shown that the direct and indirect losses inflicted on the Western States and Territories by the locust in the United States in 1874-1877 amounted to nearly $200,000,000.

It is gratifying to know that the insect proves to be an animal capable of important industrial applications—among others, for food, as a manure, and in the production of some chemical substances, such as formic acid, which can be advantageously used in many ways. An appropriation of $25,000 was asked of Congress to enable the Commission to complete its work, and $15,000 actually granted.

The death is announced of Baron von Ettingshausen, an eminent Austrian paleontologist and geologist, in the eighty-second year of his age.

The Yenisei River, in Siberia, is not likely to suffer from neglect during the present year, no less than six expeditions having left for that region of the globe in the month of May, these being German, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, and two Russian. The incentives are a desire for geographical discovery, and also the expectation of entering into a profitable trade with the natives.

It is expected that the French Chamber of Deputies will make an appropriation of about $140,000 for the erection of a large observatory at Meudon, of which Mr. JANSSEN is to have charge. Of this sum about $80,000 is for the construction of a telescope.

A simple method of preventing houses from being struck by lightning, as practiced in some parts of France, consists in placing bundles of straw, attached to broom handles or other sticks, upon the roofs of the houses in an upright position. In the Tarbes district a large number of farm-houses have, it is said, been completely protected from lightning in this manner.

It may not be generally known that the State of Iowa has a special weather-bulletin service, corresponding to, although on a smaller scale than, that of the United States Signal Office in Washington. It was organized by Professor C. F. HINRICHS, who has it in charge.

A special forecast of the weather is prepared and published daily, and a sheet issued monthly, giving the usual weather conditions, such as the temperature, pressure, state of the sky, etc. Seventy regular stations have so far been established, from all of which reports are duly received.

A quarterly weather report is also in contemplation. The lithographed bulletin contains a series of diagrams, showing graphically the amount of rain-fall in inches, the localities of heaviest rain-fall, the number of days of rain-fall, and the number of days with thunder-storms.

Professor W. F. G. BEHN died at Dresden on the 14th of May, in the seventieth year of his age. He was for a time a professor of zoology in the university of Kiel, and afterward occupied the same position at Dresden. From 1869 to the time of his death he was president of the Leopold-Caroline Academy of Naturalists.

Some time ago the French government made an appropriation of $20,000 in aid of an exploration of Central Africa proposed by the Abbé DEBAIZE. The expedition left Marseilles on the 21st of April, expecting to reach Zanzibar on the 30th of May, from which point the party would start, as is usual in African exploration.

The Abbé DEBAIZE is well qualified for his mission, having an excellent knowledge of the Arabic, Coptic, and some of the East African languages. He has been trained in astronomical work by MOUCHEZ, and in natural history under Professor MILNE-EDWARDS.

Two new stations are about being added to the existing French missions in Eastern Africa—one on the Victoria Nyanza, and the other on Lake Tanganyika.

Mr. MIKLUCHO-MACLAY, the eminent Russian traveller and naturalist, whose movements we have chronicled for a number of years past, reached Singapore on the 18th of January, after his two years' cruise among the islands of the Western Pacific, and a residence of seventeen months on the coast of New Guinea. He expected to proceed direct to Cronstadt on a Russian war vessel with the results of his journeyings, and to remain some time in Russia working them up.

The economical value of the eel as a food fish has been well established, and it is now greatly sought after for introduction into the localities where, for some physical or other reason, it is unknown. The advantages, as summed up by a German writer, are, first, that an eel will live and grow in any water, however warm, and whatever be the general character of the bottom, though it prefers the latter when muddy and boggy; second, the eel requires no special food, but devours any thing, living or dead; it is an excellent scavenger, feeding upon dead fish, crabs, etc., as well as upon any living prey it can secure; third, but few conditions can interfere with its development, while it grows with very great rapidity, being marketable at the age of three years; fourth, the young, on account of their hardiness, can be transported in a crowded condition, and to any distance, with very little risk of destruction. These considerations are, in the main, well established, and there is no question but that the eel can be introduced in many waters to advantage, supplementing the earlier inhabitants. It has been planted in the waters of the upper lakes and the Mississippi River; in the latter they have reached an advanced development. It is, however, a very undesirable inmate of rivers in which fish are taken by means of gill-nets, the destruction of shad and herring in the waters of the Susquehanna and others further south being enormous. It is not unfrequent that when a gill-net is hauled up, the greater part of the catch consists simply of heads and backbones, the remainder being devoured by myriads of eels in the short time the net is left out. The spawning shad are considered by them a special delicacy, and are found emptied at the vent and completely gutted of the ovaries. Sometimes a shad, apparently full, is found to contain several eels of considerable size. They do not seem to be very destructive of living fish of any magnitude, although the young fry are devoured with gusto.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE roaring noise made by the trains on the Metropolitan Elevated Railway causes much complaint from those citizens who consider their rights invaded by the erection of this improved method of rapid transit; and to one standing beneath the track on a hot July day, or even if within the buildings on Sixth Avenue, the whizzing rush of a passing train is any thing but pleasant. When it is remembered that, according to the plans of the company, the passing of trains is to be almost continuous, it is not strange that the annoyance is serious. Many believe that the noise will do great and permanent injury to those who are compelled to live within reach of its force. The fact is that the noise of the trains is much greater than was anticipated, and investigation into the causes of it are being made. Professor Thomas A. Edison has made an instrument which he believes will enable him to determine the cause of the peculiar roar produced by the trains on the Metropolitan road, and when that is ascertained it is hoped remedies can be applied.

Comparative quiet was a characteristic of the celebration of the Fourth of July this year. It was a welcome change to the majority of citizens. To be suffered to sleep until a reasonable hour on the morning of Independence-day, to walk about the streets with a feeling of security, to escape the nauseating smell of burning powder and the deafening din of cannon and pistol—all this was as novel as pleasant. Doubtless some urchins felt themselves unwarrantably restricted by the anti-gunpowder and anti-fire-cracker policy of the municipal authorities; but every reasonable adult must have rejoiced in the commencement of a comfortable and sensible way of celebrating the Fourth. There is no reason why this national holiday should be forgotten or neglected, and wise and enjoyable demonstrations may well be authorized. But the prohibition of fire-works and fire-arms in the streets is a most judicious and necessary reform, and one which should be cordially sustained by all good citizens.

How to keep cool is the great problem just at this present writing. The merciless July sun beats down upon the parched earth, and humanity pants and droops. We long for cooling showers, and are tempted to sit with a fan in one hand and a glass of iced beverage in the other, and to divide our attention between the thermometer and a frequent adjustment of diminishing clothing. Such protracted heat is a serious draught on strength and vitality. Nevertheless there is little doubt that our sufferings are intensified by constantly thinking about and lamenting over the hot weather. A calm and steady engagement in suitable occupation is really more comfortable than absolute idleness. And as the majority of people have something to do, they may congratulate themselves thereupon. Those who are forced to expose themselves to the sun's direct rays, or to labor in confined heat, in these days, are to be pitied, and need to take many precautions against prostration. But for those who may to some extent choose for themselves, there is no better way to keep cool in the city than, while avoiding exposure to the sun, to engage in light avocations, to avoid vexatious subjects of thought, to drink sparingly of ice-water, to eat lightly, and to dress sensibly.

The Russian Rothschild, Baron Steiglitz, of St. Petersburg, has forwarded to the Russian Red Cross Society a check for 10,000 rubles toward establishing a bathing-house for convalescent wounded at one of the Russian watering-places.

On May 31 a terrific hurricane visited Valparaiso, Chili. It was very destructive to shipping in the bay and to property in the neighborhood of the beach.

The steamer *Capital City*, of the St. Louis and Vicksburg Anchor Line, was lately burned, together with the company's elevator, and a large amount of valuable freight.

Not long ago the steamer *Strasbourg* discharged at Castle Garden 659 Mennonites. These emigrants were from the southern part of Russia, and are spoken of as the cleanest and healthiest party that have ever arrived at Castle Garden. The families were large, averaging eight persons. There were few old persons among them. They brought seeds, bedding, cooking utensils, and considerable money. The whole company went West—some to Kansas, some to Nebraska, and others to Minnesota.

An English paper gives an account of an interesting experiment with the microphone: A microphone was placed in the pulpit of a chapel in Halifax, England, on a recent Sunday, and connected by a private telegraph line with the residence of a gentleman over a mile distant. Every part of the service was distinctly heard at the gentleman's house, with the exception of a few words rendered indistinct by the preacher's becoming a little excited, and shaking the microphone. So faithfully did the instrument do its work that the chapel-keeper was heard to close the doors after service, walk up the aisle and up the pulpit steps in conversation with some one else. The idea is about to be put to practical use, the gentleman already referred to having given instructions that his house should be connected with another in the neighborhood, in order that an invalid may hear the service from one of the churches in the town.

One of the largest and most expensive light-houses ever erected by the United States is now in process of construction on Fowey Rocks, on the northern extremity of the Florida Reefs. It is seven miles from land, and completes the chain of similar structures around these dangerous reefs. It is a peculiarity of these reefs that they are so precipitous that their locality can scarcely be discovered by the most careful soundings. This new light-house is composed wholly of iron, and its improved methods of illumination render it, perhaps, the most perfect in the world. The light will be visible in clear weather about eighteen nautical miles, and is composed of both glass and metallic reflectors, constructed so as to send a blaze of light along the whole horizon of the ocean. It is estimated that this structure will last three or four hundred years.

On July 4 the German Lutheran Sunday-school of Sharpsburg, Pennsylvania, went on a picnic excursion to Ross Grove, a few miles distant, a large company of people joining with them. About the middle of the afternoon a terrific storm burst upon that section of country. The frightened excursionists sought refuge from the drenching rain and pelting hail in every possible place. Among other shelters found was a large canvas-covered grocery wagon, within which many gathered. It stood under a large sugar-maple tree. Suddenly the lightning struck this tree, split the trunk, hurling it to the ground. It fell across the wagon, crushing it to the earth, and fearfully mangling those who had sought its shelter. Several were killed, and many seriously injured, thus bringing the pleasure party to a sad termination. The storm was regarded as the most severe which had occurred in that vicinity for many years.

Many city houses now vacant are far more cool and comfortable in midsummer weather than the boarding-houses and hotels in which their owners are sojourning. High ceilings and plenty of water contribute much to comfort in summer, and country boarding-houses often lack these two things.

The Russians estimate their total war expenditure at 988,000,000 rubles.

Hot weather is favorable for the sea-side hotels. Long Branch is now in its glory. Invigorating ocean breezes are an attractive contrast to oppressive city weather. This season the cliff at Long Branch shows plainly the steady invasion of the sea. The foot-path on the ocean front needs repairs; the pavilions also are growing shabby. Why should not the bluff be kept in an attractive condition?

Six hundred newsboys were made happy on the Fourth of July by a dinner given them by Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia. Roast beef, salads, cake, lemonade, and ice-cream disappeared with wonderful celerity, and the urchins had a jolly time.

At Coney Island a bathing-house containing five hundred rooms has been erected by the proprietor of one of the hotels. The approach to the beach is by means of a broad passageway, which secures privacy to the bathers.

Predictions of Vennor, the Canadian weather prophet, have been remarkably fulfilled. Not many weeks ago he issued a set of "forecasts" for the summer and fall, the substance being as follows: The latter half of June will be intensely warm, with but little rain. July will enter with intense heat, which will continue up to the neighborhood of the 15th. After this date a cool change will set in, with, very probably, frost at nights. Heat again during the last few days of the month. August will also enter exceedingly hot and dry, and continue so up to between the 10th and 15th days, after which cool weather, with northwest gales, and frost at night, may be expected to extend through a large portion of the month. There may probably be an approach to snow during this cold, blustery period. This will end the dry term, which will have lasted from the middle of June. Rains will again set in with September and continue through this month and October, and there will be considerable and very early snowfall during the latter month. The snow, however, will of course rapidly disappear, and will be followed by a brief period of summer-like weather. As the first part of the summer corresponded well with the prophecies, we shall take an interest in noting whether the remaining predictions prove equally true.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"OCH, Jamie, did ye niver hear uv my great spache afore the Hibernian Society?" "No, Pat, how should I? for sure I was not on the ground." "Well, Jamie, you see I was called upon by the Hibernian Society for a spache; and, be jabers, I rose with the inthusiastic cheers of thousands, with me heart overflowing with gratitude, and me eyes filled with tears, and divil a word did I spake!"

A well-known dramatist can say rude things. Some one said to him, last week, "You want a new hat." "Yes, that's quite true," he replied; "but why say it? I never told you you wanted a new head."

When a man reaches the top of a stairway and attempts to make one more step higher, the sensation is as perplexing as if he had attempted to kick a dog that wasn't there.

A celebrated philosopher used to say, "The favors of fortune are like steep rocks—only eagles and creeping things mount to the summit."

SOLILOQUY BY A TIPPLER.—The public always notices when you have been drinking, and never when you are thirsty.

The individual who called tight boots comfortable, defended his position by saying they made a man forget all his other miseries.

Before beginning the second psalm for the day, a Glasgow minister reached down into his pocket and took a pinch of snuff. Even yet he can not understand what there was in the first verse of the psalm to make the congregation smile when he read, "My soul cleaveth to the dust."

It is the confession of a widower, who has been thrice married, that the first wife cures a man's romance, the second teaches him humility, and the third makes him a philosopher.

A punster challenged a sick man's vote at a city election on the ground that he was an ill legal voter.

An intellectual pauper has appeared in Boston, who can beg in ten different languages.

Said Brown to Parker: "I say, Parker, what's the difference between a ripe water-melon and a rotten head of cabbage?" "Give it up; can't tell." Brown laughed softly as he said, "You'd be a nice man to send to buy a water-melon, you would!"

The youngster who was sent away from the table just as the pastry came on, went sadly up stairs singing, "Good-by, sweet tart, good-by."

Over at the Exposition they are laying up something for a rainy day—not an umbrella, but a Paris-haul.

"Keep your patients alive," said an old doctor to a graduating class of students: "dead men pay no bills."

The older the seeds, the more perfect the lady-slippers will be. And the older the banana peel, the less graceful and the more perfect will be the gentleman slippers.

"One is glass in eyes and the other is isinglass." That is the answer—and a very clever one it is, too. What we want now is a conundrum to fill it.

An Irishman wanted to know if the hero of Greece, "Mark O'Bozzaris," wasn't a son of the old sod.

"Any thing new or fresh this morning?" a reporter asked in a railroad office. "Yes," replied the lone occupant of the apartment. "What is it?" queried the reporter, whipping out his note-book. Said the railroad man, edging toward the door: "That paint you're leaning against."

HAIL, C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A!—THE BRITISH LION TAMED AGAIN.

4TH JULY
VICTORY
COLUMBIA

THE CHOICE.

O SUMMER morning, fair and bright
With golden sunshine, lend your light
Unto my thoughts, and help me choose
Which I should keep, and which refuse!
My woman's heart would aid my choice,
Since *it* must sorrow or rejoice
According as my lips at last
Decide, and time of doubt be past.

But oh! my heart it flutters so
When *one* dear name I breathe. I know
Whom it would choose. And yet—oh, yet—
O heart of mine, do you forget
That with *your* choice I fling away
A life of ease and pleasure gay,
And turn instead toward toil and care,
And days whose hours of ease are rare?

Ah me! at last my heart and I
At variance are. And knowing why,
I can not blame my heart. And so
I wait, and think, as moments go,
While round about the sunshine lies,
Warm from the tender azure skies.
I feel it on my cheek and brow—
I feel it on my hands—and now

One pitying sunbeam turns to gold
This letter which I idly hold,
As though the writer's cause 'twould plead.
O heart of mine, there is no need
For thee to take the omen fast
Within thyself. My mind at last
Is all thine own. The note that lies
In shadow there before my eyes,

E'en though it offer golden gift,
Would fail from off my heart to lift
The shadow which through night and day
That choice would lay across my way.
O summer morning, fair and light,
I revel in your glad delight;
And all things smile in earth and sky
Since we agree, my heart and I!

An Indiscretion in the Life of an Heiress.

BY THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," "THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE," ETC.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER VI.

"Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell."

IN half an hour Egbert returned, leading a horse.

"I have borrowed this from an old neighbor," he said, out of breath. "And I have told the woman who waits upon me that I am going on a journey, and shall lock up the house to-day, so that she will not be wanted. And now, dearest, I want you to lend me something."

"Whatever it may be, you know it is yours."

"It is that," he answered, lightly touching with the tip of his finger a sparkling ring she wore on hers—the same she had used to wear at their youthful meetings in past years. "I want it as pattern for the size."

She drew it off and handed it to him, at the same time raising her eyelids and glancing under his, with a little laugh of confusion. His heart responded, and he kissed her; but he could not help feeling that she was by far too fair a prize for him.

She accompanied him to the door, and Mayne mounted the horse. They parted, and waiting to hear her lock herself in, he cantered off by a bridle-path toward a town about five miles off.

It was so early that the surrogate on whom he called had not yet breakfasted, but he was very willing to see Mayne, and took him at once to the study. Egbert briefly told him what he wanted; that the lady he wished to marry was at that very moment in his house, and could go nowhere else for shelter—hence the earliness and urgency of his errand.

The surrogate seemed to see rather less interest in the circumstances than Mayne did himself; but he at once prepared the application for a license.

When it was done he made it up into a letter, directed it, and placed it on the mantel-piece. "It shall go by this evening's post," he said.

"But," said Egbert, "considering the awkward position this lady is in, can not a special messenger be sent for the license? It is only seven or eight miles to ——, and yet otherwise I must wait for two days' posts."

"Undoubtedly, if any body likes to pay for it, a special messenger may be sent."

"There will be no paying—I am willing to go myself. Do you object?"

"No, if the case is really serious, and the lady is dangerously compromised by delay."

Mayne left the vicarage of the surrogate, and again rode off; this time it was toward a well-known cathedral town. He felt bewildering sensations during this stroke for the happiness of two, and went on his journey in that state of mind which takes cognizance of little things without at the time being conscious of them, though they return vividly upon the memory long after.

He reached the city after a ride of seven additional miles, and soon obtained the precious document and all else that he required. Returning to the inn, where the horse had been rested, rubbed down, and fed, he again crossed the saddle, and at ten minutes past eleven he was again at Fairland. Before going to Monk's Hut, where Geraldine was immured, he hastened straight to the parsonage.

The young clergyman looked curiously at him and at the bespattered and jaded horse outside. "Surely you are too rash in this matter," he said.

"No," said Mayne; "there are weighty reasons why I should be in such haste. The lady has at present no home to go to. She has taken shelter with me. I am doing what I consider best in such a case."

The parson took down his hat and said, "Very well, I will go to the church at once. You must be quick if it is to be done to-day."

Mayne left the horse for the present in the parson's yard, ran round to the clerk, thence to Monk's Hut, and called Geraldine.

It was, indeed, a hasty preparation for a wedding ceremony that these two made that morning. She was standing at the window, quite ready, and feverish with fear and waiting.

Kissing her gayly and breathlessly, he directed her by a slightly circuitous path to the church; and when she had been gone about two minutes, proceeded thither himself by the direct road, so that they met in the porch. Within, the clergyman, clerk, and clerk's wife had already gathered, and Geraldine and Egbert advanced to the communion railing.

Thus they became man and wife.

"Now he can not claim me anyhow," she murmured, when the service was ended, as she sank almost fainting upon the arm of Mayne.

"Mr. Mayne," said the clergyman, aside to him in the vestry, "what is the name of the family at Tollamore House?"

"Strangely enough, Allenville—the same as hers," said he, coolly.

The parson looked keenly and dubiously at Mayne, and Egbert returned the look, whereupon the other turned aside and said nothing.

Egbert and Geraldine returned to their hermitage on foot, as they had left it; and by rigorously excluding all thoughts of the future they felt happy with the same old unreasoning happiness as of six years before, now resumed for the first time since that date.

But it was quite impossible that the hastily married pair should remain at Monk's Hut unseen and unknown, as they fain would have done. Almost as soon as they had sat down in the house they came to the conclusion that there was no alternative for them but to start at once for Melport, if not for London. The difficulty was to get a conveyance. The only horse obtainable here, though a strong one, had already been tired down by Egbert in the morning, and the nearest village at which another could be hired was about two miles off.

"I can walk as far as that," said Geraldine.

"Then walk we will," said Egbert. "It will remove all our difficulty." And first packing up a small valise, he locked the door and went off, with her upon his arm, just as the church clock struck one.

That walk through the woods was as romantic an experience as any they had ever known in their lives, though Geraldine was far from being quite happy. On reaching the village, which was larger than Fairland, they were fortunate enough to secure a carriage without any trouble. The village stood on the turnpike-road, and a fly about to return to Melport, where it had come from, was halting before the inn. Egbert hired it at once, and in little less than an hour and a half bridegroom and bride were comfortably housed in a quiet hotel of the sea-port town above mentioned.

CHAPTER VII.

"These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die."

THEY remained three days at Melport without having come to any decision on their future movements.

On the third day, at breakfast, Egbert took up the local newspaper which had been published that morning, and his eye presently glanced upon a paragraph headed, "The Tollamore Elopement."

Before reading it he considered for a moment whether he should lay the journal aside, and for the present hide its contents from the tremulous creature opposite. But deeming this inadvisable, he gently prepared her for the news, and read the paragraph aloud.

It was to the effect that the village of Tollamore and its neighborhood had been thrown into an unwonted state of excitement by the disappearance of Miss Allenville on the eve of the preparations for her marriage with Lord Bretton, which had been alluded to in their last number. Simultaneously there had disappeared from a neighboring village, whither he had come for a few months' retirement, a gentleman named Mayne, of considerable literary reputation in the metropolis, and apparently an old acquaintance of Miss Allenville's. Efforts had been made to trace the fugitives by the young lady's father and the distracted bridegroom, Lord Bretton, but hitherto all their exertions had been unavailing.

Subjoined was another paragraph, entitled "Very latest Particulars:"

"It has just been discovered that Mr. Mayne and Miss Allenville are already man and wife. They were boldly married at the parish church of Fairland before any person in the village had the least suspicion who or what they were. It appears that the lady joined her intended husband early that morning at the cottage he had taken for the season, that they went to the church by different paths, and after the ceremony walked out of the parish by a route as yet unknown. In consequence of this intelligence Lord Bretton has returned to London, and her father is left alone to mourn her loss."

Egbert lifted his eyes and watched Geraldine as he finished reading. On perceiving his look she tried to smile. The smile thinned away, for there was not cheerfulness enough to support it long, and she said, faintly, "Egbert, what must be done?"

"We must, I suppose, leave this place, darling, charming as our life is here."

"Yes, I fear we must."

"London seems to be the spot for us at once, before we attract the attention of the people here."

"How well every thing might end," she said, "if my father were induced to welcome you, and make the most of your reputation! I wonder—wonder if he would! In that case there would be little amiss."

Mayne, after some reflection, said, "I think that I will go to your father before we leave for town. We are certain to be discovered by somebody or other, either here or in London, and that would bring your father, and there would probably result a public meeting between him and myself, at which words might be uttered which could not be forgotten on either side; so that a private meeting and explanation are safest, before any thing of that sort can happen."

"I think," she said, looking to see if he approved of her words as they fell—"I think that a still better course would be for me to go to him—alone."

Mayne did not care much about this plan at first, but further discussion gave it a more feasible aspect, since Allenville, though stern and proud, was fond of his daughter, and had never crossed her, except when her whims interfered, as he considered, with her interests. Nothing could unmarry them, and Geraldine's mind would be much more at ease after begging her father's forgiveness. The journey was therefore decided upon. They waited till nearly evening, and then, ordering round a brougham, Egbert told the man to drive to Tollamore.

The journey was to Geraldine tedious and oppressive to a degree. When, after two hours' driving, they drew near the park precincts, she said, shivering,

"I don't like to drive up to the house, Egbert."

"I will do just as you like. What do you propose?"

"To let him wait in the road, under the three oak-trees, while you and I walk to the house."

Egbert humored her in every thing; and when they reached the designated spot the driver was stopped, and they alighted. Carefully wrapping her up, he gave her his arm, and they started for Tollamore House at an easy pace through the moon-lit park, avoiding the direct road as much as possible.

Geraldine spoke but little during the walk, especially when they neared the house, and passed across the smooth broad glade which surrounded it. At sight of the door she seemed to droop, and leaned heavily upon him. Egbert more than ever wished to confront Mr. Allenville himself: morally and socially it appeared to him the right thing to do. But Geraldine trembled when he again proposed it, and he yielded to her entreaty thus far, that he would wait a few minutes till she had entered and seen her father privately, and prepared the way for Egbert to follow, which he would then do in due course.

The spot in which she desired him to wait was a summer-house under a tree about fifty yards from the lawn front of the house, and commanding a view of the door on this side. She was to enter unobserved by the servants, and go straight to her father, when, should he listen to her with the least show of mildness, she would send out for Egbert to follow. If the worst were to happen, and he were to be enraged with her, refusing to listen to entreaties or explanations, she would hasten out, rejoin Egbert, and depart.

In this little summer-house he embraced her and bade her adieu, after their honey-moon of three short days. She trembled so much that she could scarcely walk when he let go her hand.

"Don't go alone—you are not well," said Egbert.

"Yes, yes, dearest, I am; and I will soon return—so soon!" she answered. And he watched her crossing the grass and advancing, a mere dot, toward the mansion. In a short time the appearance of an oblong of light in the shadowy expanse of wall denoted to him that the door was open: her outline appeared in it; then the door shut her in, and all was shadow as before. Even though they were husband and wife, the line of demarkation seemed to be drawn again as rigidly as when he lived at the school.

Egbert waited in the solitude of this place minute by minute, restlessly swinging his foot when seated, at other times walking up and down and anxiously watching for the arrival of some messenger. Nearly half an hour passed, but no messenger came.

The first sign of life in the neighborhood of the house was in the shape of a man on horseback, galloping from the stable entrance. Egbert saw this by looking over the wall at the back of the summer-house; and the man passed along the open drive, vanishing in the direction of the lodge. Mayne, not without some presentiment of ill, wondered what it could mean, but thought it just possible that the horseman was a special messenger sent to catch the late post at the nearest town, as was sometimes done by Squire Allenville. So he curbed his impatience for Geraldine's sake.

Next he observed lights moving in the upper windows of the building. "It has been made known to them all that we are come, and they are preparing a room," he thought, hopefully.

But nobody came from the door to welcome him: his existence was apparently forgotten by the whole world. In another ten minutes he saw the Melport brougham that had brought them creeping slowly up to the house. Egbert went round to the man and told him to drive to the stables and wait for orders.

From the length of Geraldine's absence Mayne could not help concluding that the impression produced on her father was of a doubtful kind, not quite favorable enough to warrant her in telling him at once that her husband was in waiting. Still, a sense of his dignity as her husband might have constrained her to introduce him as soon as possible, and he had only agreed to wait a few minutes. Something unexpected must, after all, have occurred. And this supposition was confirmed a moment later by the noise of a carriage and pair coming up the drive. Egbert again looked over into the open park, and saw the vehicle reach the carriage entrance, where somebody alighted and went in.

"Her father away from home, perhaps, and now just returned," he said to himself.

He lingered yet another ten minutes, and then could endure no longer. Before he could reach the lawn door through which Geraldine had disappeared it opened. A person came out, and without shutting the door, hastened across to where Egbert stood. The man was a servant, without a hat on, and the moment that he saw Mayne he ran up to him.

"Mr. Mayne?" he said.

"It is," said Egbert.

"Mr. Allenville desires that you will come with me. There is something serious the matter. Miss Allenville is taken dangerously ill, and she wishes to see you."

"What has happened to her?" said Egbert, breathlessly.

"Miss Allenville came unexpectedly home just now, and directly she saw her father it gave her such a turn that she fainted and burst a blood-vessel, and fell upon the floor. They have put her to bed, and the doctor has come, but we are afraid she won't live over it. She has suffered from it before."

Egbert did not speak, but walked hastily beside the man-servant. The only recollection that he ever had in after-years of entering that house was a vague idea of stags' antlers in a long row on the wall, and a sense of great breadth in the stone staircase as he ascended it.

Mr. Allenville, on being informed of his arrival, came out and met him in the corridor.

Egbert's mind was so entirely given up to the one thought that the life of his Geraldine was in danger that he quite forgot the peculiar circumstances under which he met Allenville, and the peculiar behavior necessary on that account. He seized her father's hand and said, abruptly,

"Where is she? Is the danger past?"

Allenville turned and led the way into his daughter's room, merely saying, in a low, hard tone, "Your wife is in great danger, Sir."

Egbert rushed to the bedside and bent over her in agony not to be described. Allenville sent the attendants from the room, and closed the door.

"Father," she whispered, feebly, "I can not help loving him. Would you leave us alone? We are very dear to each other, and perhaps I shall soon die."

"Any thing you wish, child," he said, with stern anguish; "and any thing can hardly include more." Seeing that she looked hurt at this, he spoke more pleasantly. "I am glad to please you—you know I am, Geraldine—to the utmost." He then went out.

"They would not have let you know if Dr. Williams had not insisted," she said. "I could not speak to explain at first—that's how it is you have been left there so long."

"Geraldine, dear, dear Geraldine, why should all this have come upon us?" he said, in broken accents.

"Perhaps it is best," she murmured. "I hardly knew what I was doing when I entered the door, or how I could explain to my father, or what could be done to reconcile him to us. He kept me waiting a little time before he would see me, but at last he came into the room. I felt a fullness on my chest, I could not speak, and then this happened to me. Papa has asked no questions."

A silence followed, interrupted only now and then by her light breathing—

"A silence which doth follow talk, that causes
The baffled heart to speak with sighs and tears."

"Do you love me very much now, Egbert?" she said. "After all my vacillation, do you?"

"Yes—how can you doubt?"

"I do not doubt. I know you love me. But will you stay here till I get better? You must stay. Papa is sure to be friendly with you now."

"Don't agitate yourself, dearest, about me. All is right with me here. Your health is the one thing to be anxious about now."

As she was not allowed to speak much, he remained holding her hand; and after some time she sank into a light sleep. Egbert then went from the chamber for a moment, and asked the physician, who was in the next room, if there was good hope for her life.

"It is a dangerous hemorrhage, and she is very weak," he replied, concealing, though scarcely able to conceal, the curiosity with which he regarded Egbert, for the marriage had now become generally known.

The evening and night wore on. Great events in which he could not participate seemed to be passing over Mayne's head—a stir, of whose meaning he grasped but small and fragmentary notions. And, on the other hand, it was mournfully strange to notice her father's behavior during these hours of doubt. It was only when he despaired that he looked upon Egbert with tolerance. When he hoped, the young man's presence was hateful to him.

Not knowing what to do when out of her chamber, having nobody near him to whom he could speak on intimate terms, Egbert passed a wretched time. After watching by her for several hours he went down stairs and into the open air. There intelligence was brought him that another effusion, more violent than any which had preceded it, had taken place. Egbert rushed back to the room. Powerful remedies were applied, but none availed. A fainting fit followed, and in two or three hours it became plain to those who understood that there was no fair Geraldine for the morrow.

Sometimes she was lethargic, and as if her spirit had already flown, then her mind wandered, but toward the end she was sensible of all that was going on, though unable to speak, her strength being barely enough to enable her to receive an idea.

It was a gentle death. She was as acquiescent

as if she had been a saint, which was not the least striking and uncommon feature in this fair and unfortunate lady. Her husband held one tiny hand, remaining all the time on the right side of the bed in a nook beside the curtains, while her father and the rest remained on the left side, never raising their eyes to him, and scarcely ever addressing him.

Every thing was so still that her weak act of trying to live seemed a silent wrestling with all the powers of the universe. Pale and hopelessly anxious, they all waited and watched the heavy shadows close over her. It might have been thought that Death felt for her and took her tenderly. She sighed twice or three times, and then her heart lay still.

THE END.

A TALE OF THE SUMMER.

OH, sweet is the south wind's sighing,
And sweet is the brook that sings,
And a myriad sweets are flying
To stir of a myriad wings!
And the murmurous air is heavy
With scents of a myriad flowers,
And the wealth of a golden summer
Is falling in rainbow showers.

The birds and the bees are flying,
And the slanting sunbeams play,
And lips that I love are sighing
For one who is far away.
Oh, love, I am near—am coming—
Though the wandering song-birds stray;
For my heart is weary of longing,
And will love and trust for aye!

Ah, sweet! when the day is dying
Away in the crimson west,
And your lips their secret sighing
(As though it were all unguessed);
When heart to heart is replying,
And you know that my life is blessed,
Methinks that the sound of sighing
Will pass in a kiss—to rest!

* * * * * * *

The flowers at her casement flutter
With touch of a passing wing;
The secret I long to utter
The nightingales softly sing.
She heeds not their passionate voices,
She sees not the amorous light;
For her heart with my own rejoices,
And love is our world to-night!

THE GLACIER GARDEN, LUCERNE.

THERE is a very noteworthy object of interest in Lucerne, which, though situated near the modern monument of the Swiss Guards, boasts an antiquity of more than a thousand, more than two thousand, more than six thousand years. In fact, it has lived through several ages of the world's history, and has such things to tell us as we do not hear every day.

It is the grandest memorial in Lucerne, and its foundations were laid at a time when the great Reuss glacier extended hither from the St. Gothard, and covered the whole district. Though of small dimensions, this, the Glacier Garden of Lucerne, as it is called, is a highly interesting spot of ground. Visitors to it will find a portion of the sandstone ridge which strikes in a northwesterly direction from the town here laid bare and exposed to view, the superincumbent earth and bowlder drift having been cleared away in 1872. In this sandstone there are large holes, some basin-shaped, some funnel-like, as much as fifteen feet deep, and as cleverly rounded as if they had been constructed by the hands of man. At the bottom are a number of colossal stone balls, some of them weighing several hundredweight.

People who like fairy tales will be inclined to think they have discovered a kitchen or grist mill belonging to some old giant; for there are the stone pots and mortars and millstones which the ancient Titans used to grind their corn, until they were disturbed in their haunts and forced to flee to the mountains, leaving their rude implements behind them. Giants there were, no doubt, but they were Ice and Water, and the geologist recognizes their handiwork in what to the unscientific look like gigantic pots and caldrons. In fact, what we see before us is the work of a glacier; and between the holes we see unmistakable traces of its action in the striæ, furrows, and scratches which a glacier invariably makes when it moves over a hard solid surface.

But what caused these great caldron-like hollows? Well, similar holes are being constantly made in our day at the foot of water-falls and in the beds of highly inclined water-courses; in fact, the same thing may occur wherever there is running water flowing along a stony channel, if only it be rapid and impetuous enough to catch up the loose pebbles it may encounter, and whirl them round and round with sufficient force.

Not that these holes at Lucerne originated in this way, for there are neither cliffs nor waterfalls any where near. They were formed by the glacier, as we have said before. Here and there there were great fissures extending through the whole thickness of the ice, and into these would fall not only the water as it melted, but also blocks of stones from the moraines, which the glacier had brought along with it from the Alps. These, falling on the softer sandstone beneath, were rolled and twisted about for so long a time that at last they made the huge basin-like holes which we now see. The harder the blocks which slipped down the opening in the glacier, and the more impetuously the water rushed down upon them, so much the more wildly did these glacier mills work, and so much the deeper were the holes they made.

The Lucerne millstones have been brought from a great distance, some of them from the granite gneiss of Upper Uri, and some from the Jurassic, cretaceous, and nummulitic formations which are to be found among the Alps.

Herr Amrein-Troller, the owner of the Glacier Garden, may boast of being the possessor of the most ancient and most interesting relic in Lucerne, and, thanks to the intelligence with which he pursues his excavations, he is constantly bringing fresh wonders to light.

Lucerne's summer visitors, however, being butterflies who delight in the sunshine, will look with something of a shiver at Nature's ancient laboratory, and will congratulate themselves that she got over most of her rough work before their day, and that her present operations are carried on in the midst of light and warmth, green trees, and fragrant flowers.

GRASSES.

GRASSES require to be crossed quite as much as the largest and most attractive of true flowers. Singularly enough, we find that the distinction between the showy insect-fertilized flowers and the unattractive wind-fertilized grasses is carried out even to the sizes and shapes of their pollen grains. Those of the former are roughened over with surface projections, so as to cause them to adhere all the better to the hairy bodies of insects. Those of the latter are lighter in weight, smoother, and often flatter, so as to expose as much of their surface as possible, and thus help the wind all the better to blow the pollen about. the *anthers* or pollen bags of grasses are usually more pendulous than those of large flowers. More pollen is also produced—considerably more than can be utilized; but as its manufacture is of the easiest, that does not exhaust the plants. In this manner the possibility of some of the discharged and blown-about pollen taking effect is rendered certain. The amount of pollen thus poured into the atmosphere during June, by the grasses in our meadows, is such as literally to surcharge it. This it is which produees on sensitive nostrils the annoying complaint known as "hay fever." People suffering from it hurry to the sea-side or the mountains, somewhere where grasses do not grow, and where the atmosphere is freed from their pollen. We may notice in the flowers of grasses, also, how admirably the filaments which bear the anthers or pollen bags dangle outside the glumes, ready for the slightest breeze to blow them about. The filaments have the power of suddenly growing very rapidly while the pollen is ripening, so that the pollen bags are thus lifted outside the chaffy scales of the flower where they have hitherto been protected. Not less admirably adapted to wind-crossing is the pistil in the flowers of all grasses. Sometimes it is a living forked net, feathered to its base, and every where covered with an exceedingly sticky fluid. Any stray pollen grain blown by the wind must inevitably be arrested by this subtle contrivance. Once made prisoner, the pollen begins to bud forth a tube which ultimately reaches the base of the pistil. Fertilization is then effected, the seed grain begins to develop, and after this manner the world gets its "daily bread."

THE CATAMARAN.

THE boat shown in the sketch on page 596 is the *Tarantella*, at present the property of Commodore F. HUGHES, of Greenport, Long Island. She was built by N. G. HERRESHOFF, of Bristol, Rhode Island. The *Tarantella* is considered the fastest catamaran and the best specimen of that style of craft thus far. Mr. HERRESHOFF was the first to introduce the catamaran in these waters, which he did by entering the catamaran *Amaryllis* as a competitor in the Centennial regatta for small sailing craft, which took place some time in August, 1876, in New York Bay, prizes being offered by the Centennial Commissioners. On this occasion the *Amaryllis* beat all else with the greatest ease. Although the actual winner in the contest, the *Amaryllis*, on account of her peculiar construction, was ruled out by the judges. The performance of the catamaran on this occasion called attention to that style of craft. Several were at once built, and their number has since been increased, there being several on the shores of Long Island and Staten Island, and on the Hudson.

The leading points in favor of the catamaran are safety and speed, the two hulls making it almost impossible to upset them. In beating to windward their speed is as five to four compared with other fast boats. Although sailing and steering well on all points, the greatest speed may be looked for when the wind is a little abaft the beam, that is, going slightly free. Mr. HERRESHOFF has said: "In our average summer winds—say, about three-fourths of a whole-sail breeze—the catamaran, sailing free, will go fifteen or sixteen miles an hour."

The greatest fault in the catamaran is the tendency to bury the bows. This defect is corrected partly by having a much larger jib than usual; this has a tendency to lift up the bows. Then the midship link, at which point is imparted most of the press of the sails upon the leeward boat, is so placed in relation to the displacement of the hulls that the downward push (to which the force of the wind in the sails is resolved) presses more toward the stern, so that the leeward boat always keeps in good fore-and-aft trim. The only trouble then lies in the tendency of the stern of the windward boat to lift. This tendency is counteracted by ballasting. This may be done with stationary ballast, or one of those on board may sit on the stern of the boat when it shows an inclination to lift.

The proportion of superficial area of the sails to the weight of the whole boat complete is one square foot for each four pounds of water displaced. In a race boat, say, twenty-five feet long, with a large rig, and ballast to carry it, the proportion is one foot of canvas to eight pounds of water displaced. This shows the sailing power that the catamaran has. The joinings of the hulls in the boats of Mr. HERRESHOFF are flexible, so that the hulls move up and down independently of each other. Other boats are made with rigid joinings: the catamaran *Meteor*, Captain MEIGS, is an example. The catamaran is intended for an open boat, to be kept light as possible; consequently a cabin is a disadvantage. When cruising, a tent covering the whole car is pitched under the boom, which is hoisted up, the car forming the floor of the tent. For summer sailing around the rivers and bays the catamaran seems to be very well adapted, being easy to handle, speedy, and safe.

A CIRCULAR YACHT.

ONE of the attractive features of Prospect Park, Brooklyn, is the circular yacht on one of the lakes, shown in our illustration on page 596. It is in reality a sailing "merry-go-round," moved by sails, or oars when the wind is light, around a central pivot, to which it is fastened by means of ropes. Children and even grown-up people enjoy a sail in this singular craft, which affords all the enjoyment of a water excursion, with none of the dangers of an ordinary sail-boat. It will accommodate about 200 persons at a time.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JULY.

Sunday, 28.—Sixth Sunday after Trinity.

THERE is little doubt that the recent decision of the German Old Catholic Synod to abolish compulsory celibacy will lead to the separation of Dr. DÖLLINGER from the Old Catholic movement. The correspondent of the *Churchman*, of this city, who writes from personal knowledge, says of him: "I am free to state that he expressed himself with some bitterness with reference to the progressive attitude of the party, and said that the movement had been taken out of his hands. He repudiated all responsibility for the present state of things, and added that his own personal suggestions had met with great neglect; that he had written a paper on the celibacy of the clergy, and communicated it to a friend to be read to the Synod, but that it had been mentioned, but not read." The letter was thought by the other leaders to be too vehement in language for public reading, especially in view of the danger of offending their Greek and Anglican friends. Another fact mentioned by this correspondent is most surprising: "I also learned, what caused me great regret, that Professor VON DÖLLINGER is this moment rector of the Stift's Kirche, or cathedral, in Munich, and that he has only to utter a word, and a fine church could be had for the Old Catholics, whereas they have only a miserable chapel a mile from the centre of the city."

This great scholar cherishes the hope that the Roman Catholic Church will recede from its recently taken position, and that the decree of infallibility will be revoked. How, with his large knowledge of history, he can do so, it is difficult to conceive. Protestants have wondered that some fervid orator has not arisen among the Old Catholics, capable of inspiring the people with enthusiasm for the projected reform. Such an orator could have appealed both to antiquity and to the aspirations of modern life. Never was there a better opportunity, and never was an opportunity so hopelessly lost. The reason begins now to appear. Too many of the leaders of the movement have been afraid to move.

Nearly fifty Colonial and American bishops accepted the invitation to be present at the Pan-Anglican Synod, which opened July 2. The venerable "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," which has done much to plant Anglican churches throughout the English-speaking world, has taken occasion of the meeting of the Synod to celebrate its 177th anniversary. The Bishop of Ripon was announced to preach on its behalf a sermon on the missions of the English Church, in St. Paul's Cathedral; this was followed by an all-day conference on missions in St. James's Hall; the Bishop of Pennsylvania, the Right Rev. Dr. W. B. STEVENS, was expected to preach in Westminster Abbey on the same day.

The foreign papers report that, at the instance of the archbishops of Toledo and Saragossa, in Spain, the Pope has issued a brief forbidding the Spaniards, under pain of excommunication, to receive Protestant missionaries into their homes. Excommunication is also threatened against every Spaniard known to own or to read a Protestant book. LEO XIII., if he is correctly reported, has, besides, written a letter to the King of Spain begging him to banish the Protestant missionaries if he can, and to suppress their schools. All this a Pope is expected to do, and does, one might say, instinctively; and yet many are looking for a liberal Pope in LEO XIII.

The conviction of the importance of the victory of the anti-clerical party in Belgium grows with the consideration of the surrounding facts. The clericals have held power for eight years; the people are by a vast majority Catholic; appeal was made to their natural dread of socialism; yet they gave majorities for the liberals in the strongholds of the Church. It is proved, therefore, that there is a limit to the Catholic reaction even in intensely Catholic countries. M. FRÈRE ORBAN has succeeded in forming a cabinet.

One difficulty in the way of the relief of the sufferers by the famine in China is the imperfectness of the means of communication. From Tien-tsin to Tai-Yuen, in the province of Shan-si, is only 200 miles, but the roads, which are poor, run over hills between 4000 and 5000 feet in height. Only camels and mules can be used, and the trip requires fifteen days. The Chinese papers estimate the number of persons who have died from the effects of the famine at 5,000,000. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Shan-si, who lives at Tai-Yuen, writes that not only are persons who have died a natural death eaten, but that the living are killed for food. The husband eats his wife, the parents eat their sons and daughters, and in turn the children eat their parents. It is a horrible story. The Christian missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, and the Europeans of the treaty ports, are unwearied in their exertions to relieve the distress. The Chinese provincial governments and individual Chinamen have also sent contributions.

The Reformed Episcopal Church has received in England a considerable re-enforcement of clergymen. Bishop GREGG ordained last month, at Southend, seven deacons and several presbyters. The committee of the bishops of the Established Church, appointed to consider the operations of the Reformed Episcopalians, will, it is expected, bring the subject before the Pan-Anglican Synod.

The Primitive Methodists of England are a growing body. At their Conference, held June 13 and the following days, the number of members (including Canada) was stated to be 182,381; the ministers are 1122; the sum raised for colonial and foreign missions was about $105,000.

The papal revenues are falling off. The zeal of the pilgrims is not fed, as in the days of PIUS IX., by complaints of hard usage and appeals for sympathy. Report says that in France alone the Peter-pence are four-fifths less than they were last year. As a measure of economy, the Neapolitan bishops have been directed to obtain the royal exequatur, so that they can enter upon the enjoyment of the incomes of their sees. The Pope has made a speech to the disbanded officers of the pontifical army, in which he speaks more strongly than in his late encyclical of the loss of the temporal power. "Alas," says LEO XIII., "the war against the Church still continues without mercy. To the Church that full independence is denied to which as a perfect society it has every right." Those who have from the first expected LEO XIII. to adhere to the policy of his predecessor see in this speech a confirmation of their expectations; those who claimed him as a liberal confess that his financial necessities may compel him to be increasingly ultramontane.

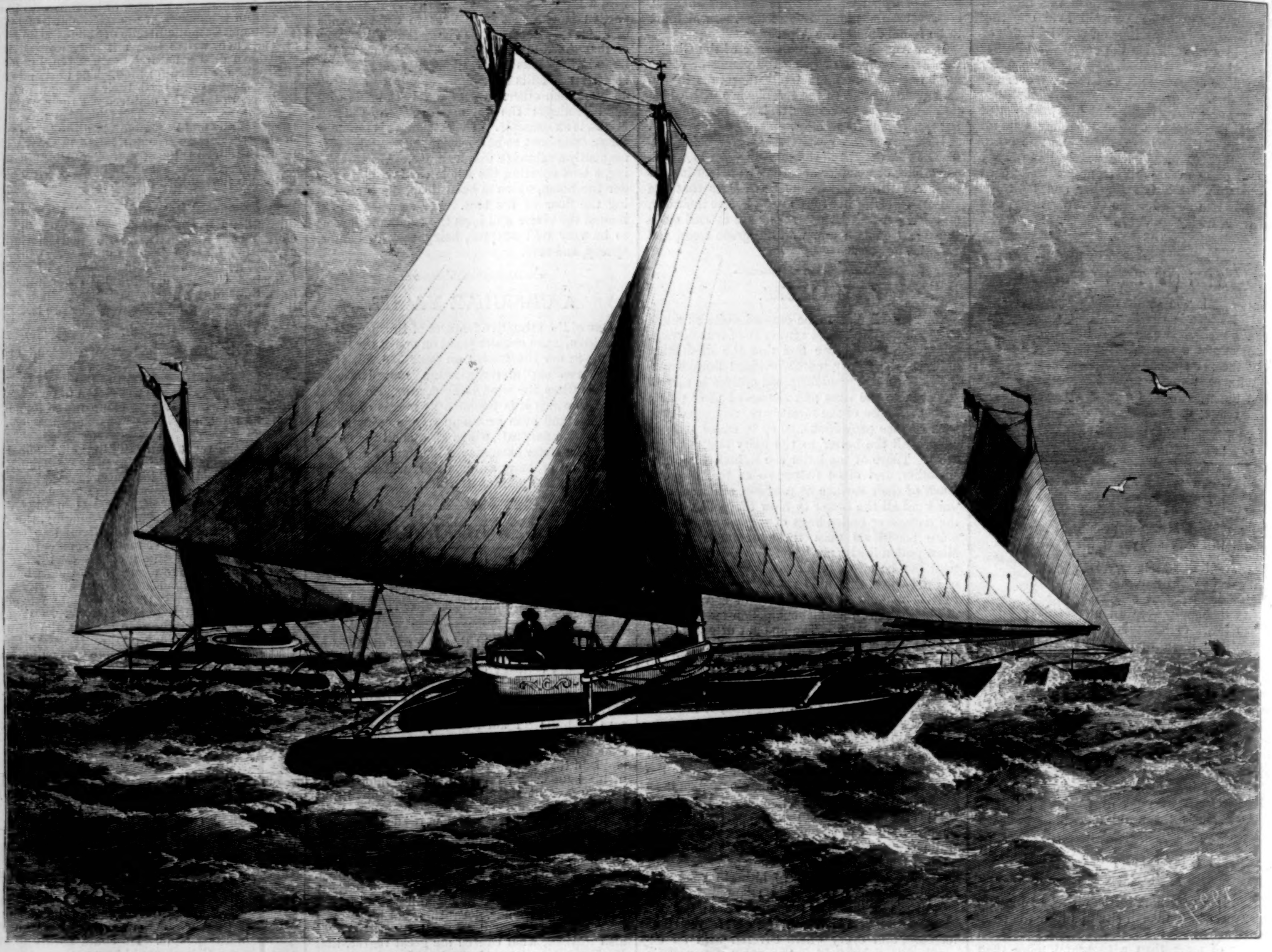
The motion for a committee of the British House of Commons to "ascertain how far the people of Scotland are in favor of maintaining the connection between Church and state in that country" was negatived. The debate has, however, had the effect of promoting popular discussion. Mr. GLADSTONE took the broad ground that the question of Scotch disestablishment must be determined by the people of Scotland themselves. It appeared to him very difficult "to show that a Church should be national which did not command the adhesion of a majority of the people. He could hardly understand how a Church could be a national Church which was the Church of the minority." This concession will help the opposers of the Scotch Establishment, for they declare that the state Kirk does not represent the majority of the people of Scotland.

Modern preaching is often criticised as pointless; but Mr. HENRY VARLEY, the evangelist, made a point in one of his sermons, delivered during a tour of Tasmania, which will be likely to be remembered. The story is thus told: In delivering from the platform of Mechanics' Hall, which he had rented for a week, an address on the "Prodigal Son," he denounced one of the most prominent church members of the place as the proprietor of "several low public-houses" and infamous resorts. The committee of the Institute would not let Mr. VARLEY enter the hall the next night, but he gained admission by a back-door. The gas was turned off, but Mr. VARLEY sent for a hammer, forced the meter open, and relit the burners. Having conquered the opposition, he repeated the denunciation of the preceding evening in still stronger terms.

The coming session of the Wesleyan Conference of England will be notable as the first in which laymen will sit as members. The newly constituted body will have 480 delegates, evenly divided between the ministry and the laity. Among the laymen elected are five members of Parliament, four mayors of towns, and thirty-nine county and borough magistrates. The late Lord Provost of Edinburgh, upon whom fell the duty of welcoming the Pan-Presbyterian Assembly to that city, is also a delegate. The ministers will meet in advance of this mixed Conference for the transaction of pastoral business.

The British and Foreign Unitarian Association met in London June 10. The Executive Committee reported the income for the year to be £3700, nearly double that of 1876. This Association keeps up an active correspondence with the Unitarian associations on the continent of Europe. One of the resolutions adopted declares that the "Association can not consider the great work of liberal reformation complete so long as any vestige remains of civil privilege on account of religious beliefs, whether in regard to endowments or fellowships in the chief national universities, or the allowed teaching of denominational creeds in schools supported in whole or in part by public money, or the national maintenance of public worship in connection with any favored Church or religious sect."

Father CURCI writes letters, and for an ex-Jesuit his letters are extremely candid. One purporting to be to a friend is published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The point of it is that the men about PIUS IX. persuaded him that Father CURCI was a rebel against the Church, but that LEO XIII. knows better; yet the present Pope, although he does not find Father CURCI's ideas distasteful, can take no present steps for their realization. "The Sacred College of Cardinals," says the letter, "the Italian episcopacy, the prelature, are altogether the creation of PIUS IX.; almost all men of the meanest capacity, and wedded to his ideas. With these elements LEO XIII., with a character firm enough but averse to the policy of SIXTUS V., will scarcely be able to do any thing."



THE CATAMARAN.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. A. KEETELS.—[SEE PAGE 595.]

CIRCULAR YACHT IN PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN.—FROM A SKETCH BY CHARLES MENTI.—[SEE PAGE 595.]

CONGRESS AT BERLIN—ANTEROOM IN THE RADZIWILL PALACE.

THE BERLIN CONGRESS.

THE condition of affairs in Europe, as they stand at the time of writing, goes far to show the ingenuity with which England's leading statesman can take advantage of a political crisis to further his own schemes of national aggrandizement While the plenipotentiaries of the different powers have been busy at Berlin re-arranging the map of Europe in the vicinity of the Balkans, and apportioning Asiatic fortresses, equally active but secret negotiations have been going on between England and Turkey, which have resulted in what is called a "defensive treaty" between those two countries.

This remarkable contract, which, it is claimed by English newspapers, "does not necessarily come within the scope of the deliberations of the Congress," but which will be submitted to that body "by courtesy," may be epitomized as follows: It is stipulated that if Batum, Kars, and Ardahan are retained by Russia, and if an attempt is made at any future time to annex a portion of the Sultan's territory in Asia not ceded by definitive treaty of peace, Great Britain engages to join the Sultan in defending his territory by force of arms. The Sultan, in return, promises to introduce the necessary reforms, to be agreed upon later. In order to enable Great Britain to make the necessary provision for executing her engagement, the Sultan consents to assign the island of Cyprus to be occupied and administered by Great Britain, which agrees to pay to the Porte the present excess of the island's revenue over its expenditure. Finally, Great Britain engages to evacuate the island and terminate the convention if Russia restores Batum, Kars, and Ardahan to Turkey.

In thus gaining possession of the island of Cyprus, the English obtain practical command of the Mediterranean, and, if not hampered by conditions imposed by the Congress, make that important sea virtually an "English lake." With Gibraltar she commands the entrance through the straits; with Malta she holds the centre; and now with Cyprus, well fortified and garrisoned as a naval station, she will control the approaches to the Dardanelles and the Suez Canal. Her immense naval resources, superior to those of all other nations combined, will enable her to bid defiance to every threatened attack, and on the least shadow of approaching danger to place her forces in the most advantageous position to repel it and inflict punishment upon the enemy.

England gained her first hold upon the Mediterranean in 1704, when a combined Dutch and English force wrested Gibraltar from the Spaniards. The strength of the rock, even in those days, will be seen from the fact that the garrison, only 150 strong, placed 276 Englishmen *hors de combat* before they surrendered. Since 1704 Gibraltar has remained continuously in the possession of the English, but not without their having to resist many desperate efforts on the part of France and Spain to dislodge them. Before the victors had been able to add to the defenses their mettle was severely tried by a siege in 1704–5. In 1720 the fortress was threatened, and in 1727 actually attacked by an overwhelming force under the Count de las Torres. During this siege the place came very near falling into the hands of the assailants. The most memorable of the sieges, however, to which Gibraltar has been exposed began in 1779, when England, busy on the one hand with her American colonies, and with France on the other, Spain took the opportunity of attacking her Mediterranean stronghold. The communications with Spain were closed June 21st, and a strict blockade established. The strength of the besieged force at this time was 5282. Provisions were scarce, and great suffering ensued, until the 17th of January, 1780, when Admiral RODNEY overcame the Spanish fleet. A fair supply of provisions was conveyed to the fortress, 1000 men added to the garrison, all useless mouths removed, and the force left to depend on its own strength. During 1780 little of importance occurred, but by the spring of 1781 starvation again stared the garrison in the face. This time they were relieved by Admiral DARBY, who conveyed 100 merchant vessels into the bay in spite of a furious opposition from the Spanish fleet. The siege continued during the winter and spring of 1782 without any remarkable incident, but by summer it became apparent that the Spaniards meditated a grand attack. On the 8th of September a bombardment was opened simultaneously upon all sides of the fortress, and on the 12th the combined French and Spanish fleets, numbering forty-seven sail of the line and ten battering ships, together with a large number of smaller vessels, anchored in the bay of Algesiras. On the 13th every gun of the besiegers and besieged was in play. The defenders then resorted to the expedient of red-hot balls. Success was doubtful for many hours, but toward evening the efforts of the English force began to produce fruit. The ship of the Spanish admiral was in flames, that of the second in command soon shared the same fate, and although by eight o'clock the attacking squadron was completely silenced, the fire of red-hot shot was continued without intermission until morning. This was in reality the deciding event of the siege, but the firing continued to a harassing extent from the Spanish lines until the 2d of February, 1783, when peace was finally concluded. Since 1783 the English have remained in unmolested possession of Gibraltar, and the history of the rock has been comparatively uneventful. Naturally England guards her great fortress with jealous

care. Every available point for defense bristles with artillery; the mountain is honey-combed with galleries and bomb-proofs, steep escarps bar all approach, and batteries hewn in the solid rock frown alike on friend and foe. Immense stores of provisions, water, and munitions are constantly maintained, and the whole is garrisoned by a thoroughly efficient force of infantry, a large number of artillery, and a smaller body of engineers.

Malta fell into the hands of the English in 1800. Though waging continual war with the Turks, the famous Knights of Malta continued in possession of the island until 1798, when, overcome by the treachery of Napoleon, and disorganized by internal quarrels, the order surrendered their noble fortresses to the French. After pillage and infamous treatment by the republican forces, the Maltese rose in a few months against their oppressors, and after a siege of two years were joined by the British, who sent a body of troops to their assistance. The French garrison of Valetta surrendered to the English General Pigot. The Treaty of Amiens stipulated that Malta should be restored to the Knights; but the Maltese protested loudly against such an arrangement, and preferred the peaceful government of Great Britain. That government consequently refused to make the transfer, appreciating too well the value of the new possessions, and Napoleon made the refusal one of his grounds for the resumption of hostilities. The Congress of Vienna recognized Malta as a British dependency, in which condition it has since remained. From its position, and also from the enormous strength of its fortifications, Malta is a possession of immense value to a commercial nation which owns a navy strong enough to prevent its being blockaded. Possessing one of the most splendid harbors in the world, with such an even depth that the largest vessels may anchor alongside the very shore, the island forms at once an admirable station to command the Mediterranean, a military focus where a force protecting the route to Egypt and India can be concentrated, and a useful entrepôt for receiving the manufactures of Great Britain, which the small craft of the Mediterranean carry to every point on the coast of that sea and its tributaries.

In grasping at Cyprus, England completes the line of her Mediterranean possessions. This island lies in the eastern basin of the great inland sea, and is about equally distant from the coasts of Syria and Asia Minor. The entrance to the Suez Canal is 250 miles south, and the island of Malta about 1000 miles west. Three-fifths of the island are mountainous. The remaining two-fifths are composed of magnificent plains and extensive open country, which, though wanting in rivers and plains, are still very productive in cereals. Although there is no natural harbor of any value, the experience of engineers in dealing with a similar difficulty at Port Said will soon show the English occupants how to construct one. It is probable that the inhabitants of Cyprus, like those of Malta, will rejoice in the change which frees them from past misrule. Since the time when Venice found her supremacy disputed by the all-conquering Turks, the condition of the Christian residents, who form the bulk of the population, has been pitiable in the extreme. In 1570 an army of 60,000 Turks landed on the island, but it was not until after a year's siege that the last town was captured. Of the inhabitants of the capital, 20,000 were massacred, and the governor, Bragadino, was tortured to death. Since that date the island has continued in the possession of the Turks, paying heavy tribute to the Sultan, and making a history of which little can be said. Two insurrections have broken out, but both were suppressed, one of them being followed by a general massacre of the participants. General Cesnola, who combined a study of the Cyprian people and their history together with an investigation of the antiquities of the island, and who has given us a clear and succinct account of the present condition of Cyprus in his recent work, published by the Harpers, says, "Cyprus is doomed to remain a part of the Turkish Empire as long as Christian powers uphold by their jealousies such an impracticable and monstrous government." At present, however, the interest of the greatest of Christian powers in Europe is in appropriating Cyprus, and whatever other results there may be, there is a hopeful prospect for the inhabitants of the same faith.

The secret treaty which gives Cyprus to England not only insures her supremacy on the Mediterranean, but also enables her to establish a firm control over the valley of the Euphrates. To further this end, a line of railway is about to be constructed. Should the Congress, in its desire to avoid all possibilities of a war involving the greater part of Europe, accede to the terms of the present convention, England will have extended her power over the whole of Asia Minor. With Turkey for an ally, she will control a district stretching from the Ægean Sea to the Persian Gulf, which in time may prove important and valuable as the basis of another empire like that established in India.

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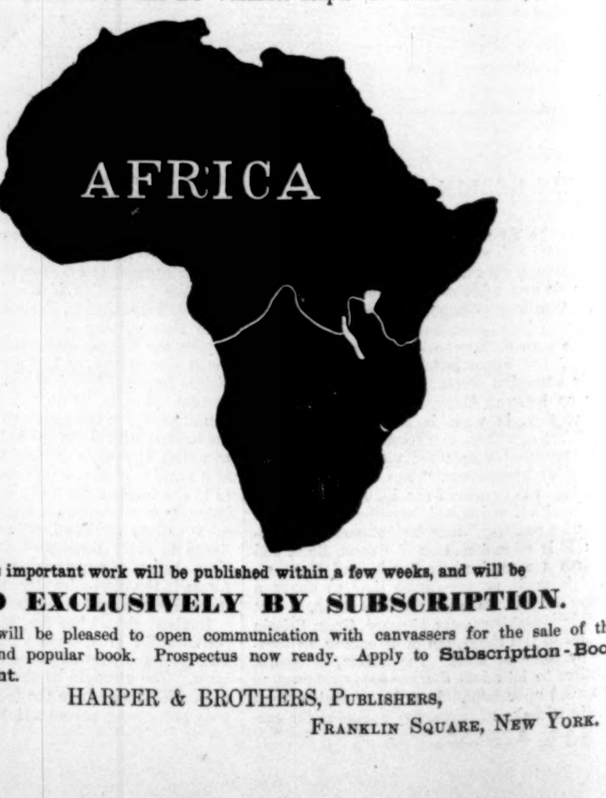

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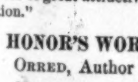

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"A DRINK BY THE WAY."—[From the Picture by John Griffiths.]

LIGHTNING.

The safest situation during a thunder-storm is in the midst of a wood, particularly if the neighborhood of the tallest trees be avoided. In such a place of shelter the traveller may take refuge in full assurance that he will there be effectually shielded from harm. The greatest risk of injury from lightning is undoubtedly incurred by persons travelling across a wide and very flat plain, because in such a situation they are the only elevated objects. To lessen the risk, which may here be somewhat serious, advantage should be taken of whatever undulations of surface may exist to keep upon the lowest ground. No doubt the prostrate position would in these circumstances afford greater security than the erect.

It happens not unfrequently that animals are killed by lightning under a tree to which they had betaken themselves for shelter. In these cases the tree is struck partly in consequence of its isolation, and partly on account of the presence of the animals beneath it. Usually there are several, and often many of them assembled together, huddled probably by terror into contact one with another. The air, heated by their bodies, rises above them laden with moisture, derived mainly from their breath. Who has not noticed the cloud of vapor that in the early morning and in certain states of the weather hangs over a flock of sheep or a herd of kine? The column of moist air, ascending through the branches of the tree toward the cloud, offers, in consequence of the comparatively high conductivity of water, a favorable passage for the electricity. A herd of cattle under a tree is thus exposed to a double risk; also it is evident that in the open country they are less secure from injury than human beings, who can not affect the atmosphere in a like degree.

The danger from lightning in a dwelling-house is exceedingly small. The materials used in building are, with the sole exception of the metals, very bad conductors, and the form of a house is not that which is favorable to the reception of an electric charge. Towers and spires, the latter especially, possess that form; but these structures are nearly always protected by conductors affixed to them. It has been suggested that chimneys may, through the conductivity of their soot lining, attract lightning. But as communication with moist earth is interrupted below the fire-place, the influence of the soot in diminishing the total resistance is compensated. A house around the roof of which there is a system of water-pipes reaching to the ground is very effectually protected. The timid may put their fears to rest by affixing a conductor to the highest chimney, and burying the lower end sufficiently deep in the ground to be always in moist earth.

The risk of personal injury from lightning is necessarily small. The conditions favorable to the occurrence of accidents are few, and of such a nature that the combinations requisite for their fulfillment can not often take place. There are but two situations in which danger is to be apprehended, namely, on the portions of a flat district that are destitute of trees, and beneath the branches of an isolated tree standing in a spot that is not dominated at a short distance by higher ground. But even here the danger is not necessarily certain, for thunder-clouds do not by any means invariably discharge to the ground.

LOUIS VAN DER MALE.

During the Middle Ages Flanders figured conspicuously in the political affairs of Europe, her rulers, bearing the title of "counts," being more powerful than many European kings. These drew their authority from France, Flanders having been included in that kingdom by the treaty of Verdun in 843. While many other parts of Europe were groaning under an iron despotism, and in a state of comparative ignorance, Flanders was happy in the enjoyment of rational liberty, and respected among nations as the seat of literature and the arts. The ships of Antwerp, of Bruges, and of Ghent were the general carriers of Europe, and monopolized almost its whole commerce, and agriculture was nowhere so well understood. Finally, toward the middle of the fourteenth century, the industrial prosperity of Flanders had become so great that the citizens began to feel their own power and to claim independence. They formed republican communities like the free cities of Germany, with this difference, that they acknowledged the sovereignty of the counts. At the same time they were not afraid to take up arms against their nominal rulers, many of whom behaved with abominable severity toward the people. Outbreaks occurred among the citizens, who, in defense of their liberties, found themselves compelled to take the power in their own hands.

It is one of these popular insurrections that forms the subject of our engraving. In 1379 the extravagance and rapacity of the Count Louis van der Male had excited discontent and hatred among his subjects, especially the inhabitants of Ghent, who, weary of his extortions, at length flatly refused to contribute another penny. The count, deeply offended, quitted Ghent and retired to Bruges, the inhabitants of which town, having accommodated him with a moderate sum, obtained permission to dig a canal from the river Leys, above Ghent, to Bruges. To these and other causes of discontent was added the imprisonment of a burgess of Ghent by the count's bailiff, in contravention of the privileges of the city. Irritated by these circumstances, the Ghenters broke out into hostilities, assumed the white hood—the usual insignia of revolt—drove the pioneers from the canal at Bruges, murdered the count's bailiff, who with 200 men had been sent to arrest the ringleaders, and plundered and burned Adeghem, a favorite country residence of Louis.

From this beginning the revolt soon extended itself to the other towns; the burghers chose leaders from among themselves, and under their command laid siege to Oudenarde and made an assault upon Dendermonde, which still continued faithful to the count. They were foiled in the latter attempt, and Louis, having reduced one or two less important towns, turned his attention to Ghent. Albert of Holland constantly supported the cause of Louis, and gave him such assistance as he was able. This, however, was but trifling, Albert himself being slenderly supplied with funds, while the great majority of his subjects were decidedly favorable to the insurgents. In defiance of his express prohibition they continued during the whole war to send them stores of provisions, ammunition, and other necessaries, especially during the siege of Ghent, when the inhabitants, having secured the communication by water from Holland and Zealand, received from thence regular supplies of bread and meal when shut out by the besieging army from the resources of their own country.

But their aid, however liberally afforded, was insufficient to prevent scarcity among the immense multitude collected within the walls of the town, and at last the suffering became so intolerable that the men of Ghent besought the mediation of the Duchess of Brabant and Albert of Holland to procure peace and pardon from their sovereign. Six of their number, therefore, with the ambassadors of the two princes, repaired for this purpose to Louis at Bruges, who, being well aware of the straits to which the town was reduced, haughtily replied that he "would consent to no peace unless the whole population, both male and female, from the age of fifteen to sixty, came out to meet him on the road to Bruges, barefoot and bare-headed, with halters about their necks, when he would pardon them or put them to death at his pleasure." This answer raised a storm of indignation among the inhabitants of Ghent, and it was determined to select 5000 of their choicest troops and send them, under the command of Philip van Arteveld, a leading citizen, to attack the count in Bruges. The Arteveld family was a prominent one among the mercantile aristocracy of Ghent, and had already supplied the town with at least one popular leader. Jacob van Arteveld, the father of Philip, had been killed in 1345 during an insurrection resulting from a proposition made by him to elect the son of Edward III. of England as Count of Flanders. When Louis heard of the meagre force that was advancing to meet him he collected his troops, to the number of 40,000, and stationed himself about a league beyond the town, determined to give his rebellious subjects battle, and put an end to the war by extirpating them to a man. The host of enemies in front, with ruin and starvation behind, gave to the citizens of Ghent the courage of despair. At the first fierce onset they drove back the citizens of Bruges. The lances, of which there were 800, though composed of the flower of the nobility of Flanders, made not the slightest resistance, and the flight soon became universal. The men of Ghent took courage from their success, and following upon the heels of the retreating foe, entered the walls of Bruges together with the fugitives, and made themselves masters of the city.

The discomfiture of Louis was extreme. From riding proudly at the head of an army of 40,000 men he found himself a wanderer in the streets of Bruges, and compelled to seek refuge in the hut of a poor woman, who concealed him under a bed. Froissart, the old French historian, who lived at the time when these scenes were enacted, tells the story in his quaint language as follows: "The earl then went into a back lane and made a varlet of his to unarm him, and cast away his armor, and put on an old cloak of his varlet's, and then said to him, 'Go your way from me and save yourself if you can, and have a good tongue if you fall into the hands of your enemies; and if they ask any thing of me, do not acknowledge that I am in the town.' He answered and said, 'Sir, I had rather die than betray you.' Thus about the hour of midnight the earl went from street to street, and by back lanes, so that at last he was fain to take a house, or else he had been taken by his enemies. And so, as he went about the town, he entered into a poor woman's house, which was not fit for such a lord: there was neither hall, parlor, nor chamber; it was a poor, smoky house; there was nothing but one poor place, black with smoke, and above a small room, with a ladder of seven steps to go up to it, and in that room was a mean couch, where the poor woman's children lay. Then the earl, much alarmed and trembling, said, as he entered, 'O good woman! save me. I am thy lord, the Earl of Flanders. But now I must hide myself, for mine enemies pursue me; and if you do me a service now, I shall
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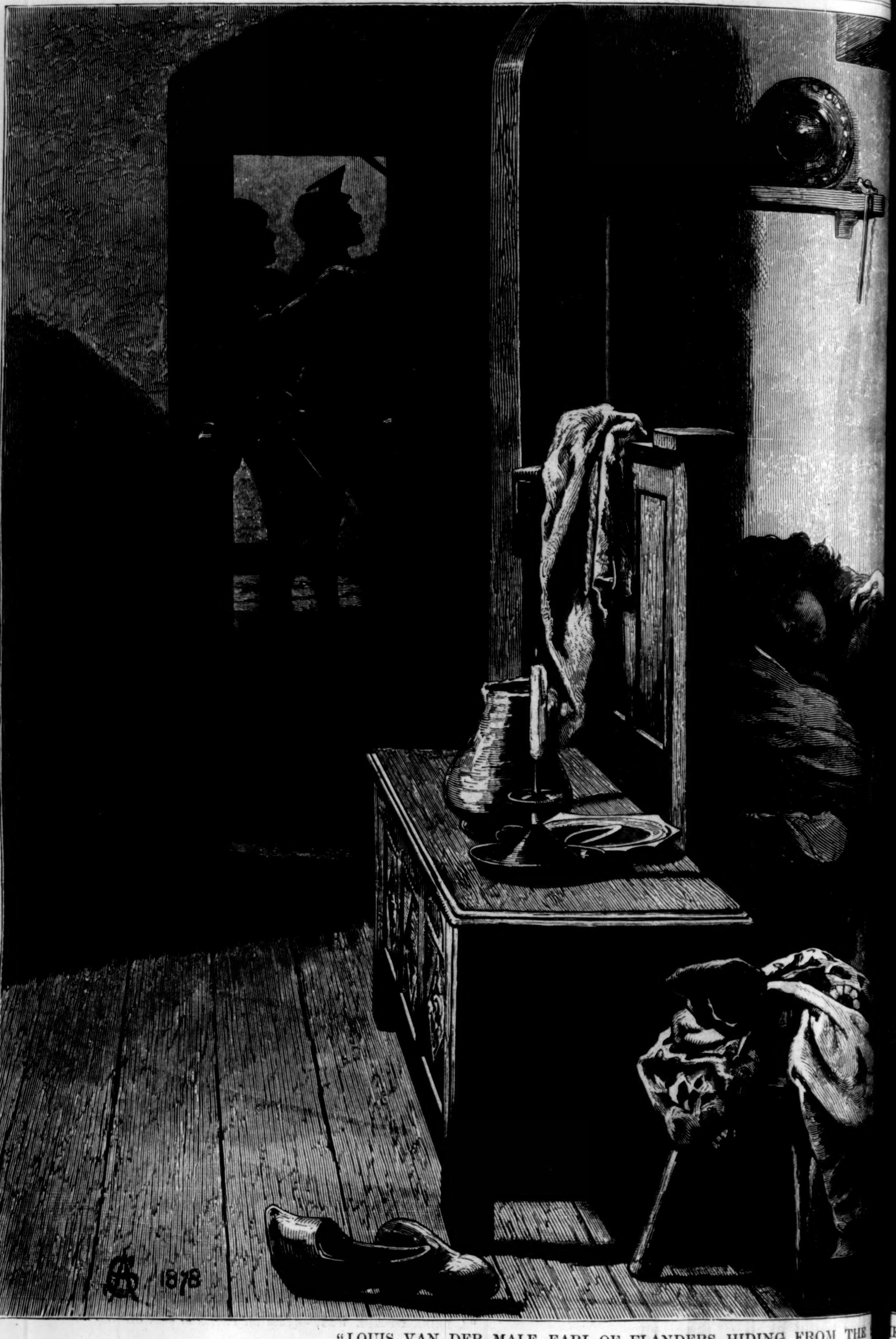

"LOUIS VAN DER MALE, EARL OF FLANDERS, HIDING FROM THE

...I THE ...ERS OF PHILIP VAN ARTEVELD."—[FROM A PAINTING BY MRS. SPARKES.]

...for it hereafter.' ...well, for she had ...tch alms, and had ...urning from sport- ...nted, for if she had ...taken by the fire. ...p this ladder, and ...u find there, where ...the mean time the ...with another child

...adder as well as he ...ouch and the straw ... And immediately ...the house, for some ...an enter the house before them; and so they found the woman sitting at the fire with her child. Then they said, 'Good woman, where is the man we saw enter this house before us and shut the door after him?' 'Sirs,' quoth she, 'I saw no man enter here this night: I went out just now and cast out a little water and shut my door again. If any were here I could not hide him; you see all my house at once: here is my bed, and up this ladder lie my poor children.' Then one of them took a candle and mounted up the ladder and looked, and saw only the poor couch where the children lay asleep; and so he looked all about, and then said to his company, 'Let us go hence; we are losing time; the poor woman speaks the truth: here is no creature but she and her children;' and then they departed out of the house. After this there were none entered to do any hurt. All these words the earl heard well while he lay under the couch. You may suppose he was in great fear for his life. He might well say, 'I am now one of the poorest princes in the world; how uncertain are the affairs of this world!' Yet it was fortunate he escaped with his life. Howbeit, this dangerous adventure might well be to him a memorial all his life after and an example to others."

In the picture the artist does not follow the description of FROISSART in all its details; but the episode is such a dramatic one that the liberties taken with historical fact may be pardoned in consideration of the artistic effect produced. The revolt of the citizens of Ghent, under PHILIP VAN ARTEVELD, has been a fruitful theme both for artists and poets. Among the latter, HENRY TAYLOR has perhaps been as successful as any other in illustrating the unselfiish motives by which the patriot leader was animated:

"Lo! with the chivalry of Christendom
I wage my war; no nation for my friend,
Yet in each nation having hosts of friends:
The bondsmen of the world, that to their lords
Are bound with chains of iron, unto me
Are knit by their affections. Be it so:
From kings and nobles I will seek no more
Aid, friendship, or alliance. With the poor
I make my treaty, and the heart of man
Sets the broad seal of its allegiance there,
And ratifies the compact. Vassals, serfs,
Ye that are bent with unrequited toil,
Ye that have whitened in the dungeon's darkness
Through years that knew not change of night and day,
Tatterdemalions, lodgers in the bead,
Lean beggars with raw backs and mumbling
maws,
Whose poverty was whipped for starving you,
I hail you my auxiliaries and allies,
The only potentates whose help I crave."

VAN ARTEVELD's course of action when he found himself thus unexpectedly the master of Bruges shows the general benevolence and humanity of his character. "No people," says FROISSART, "ever behaved themselves better toward their enemies than the men of Ghent did to those of Bruges, nor conducted themselves more graciously to a conquered town. When PHILIP VAN ARTEVELD, PETER DU BOIS, and the other captains were completely masters of the place, they issued out a proclamation in their name for all persons to retire to their houses, and that no one should break open or pillage any house, or be in any way instrumental in raising riots, under pain of death." This prudence was well rewarded. Most of the Flemish cities opened their gates to the conquerors, and vied with each other in sending provisions to relieve the distress of Ghent. Abundance soon took the place of famine; and if VAN ARTEVELD had possessed any share of selfish ambition, he might have proclaimed himself sovereign of Flanders with almost universal approbation. Instead of this, he desired to be known only as the father and liberator of his people.

In the mean time, however, LOUIS, who had effected his escape after a night of hiding in the poor woman's hut, made his way to Lille, in Brabant, and from there supplicated the aid of his liege lord CHARLES VI., King of France, who marched into Flanders in person at the head of a powerful army. Victory attended the French arms. Comines was taken, and the citizens of Ypres suffered themselves to be overcome by terror, and, without waiting for an attack, sent deputies to the French king proposing terms of capitulation. Bruges would probably have followed in the same track had not VAN ARTEVELD held many of the citizens as hostages for the fidelity of the town. PETER DU BOIS was governor of this important city, and he inspired the inhabitants with hopes of a successful resistance. VAN ARTEVELD did not lose courage, but collected together the forces of every town that remained faithful, and the two armies drew near to each other, both having encamped close to West Rossebeke or Rosebecque, a little village between Ypres and Courtray. On the 27th of November, 1382, a battle took place, which resulted in the complete rout of VAN ARTEVELD's forces. The nobles exhibited cruelty in proportion to the danger from which they felt they had escaped. Not more than 9000 Flemings fell in battle, but 25,000 were slaughtered in pursuit. The French king offered a reward to any one who should bring him VAN ARTEVELD, alive or dead. He had fallen on the field, and a wounded soldier was raised from the ground to aid in the search. He pointed out the body from amid a heap of slain, and it was carried to the king's pavilion. After CHARLES and his lords had gratified their curiosity by a thorough inspection of the remains of the famous Regent of Flanders, they ordered the body to be hung on a tree. The servant who identified it had a liberal reward offered him, and care was taken of his wounds; but he tore the bandages away, and refused to survive his beloved master.

This event restored in some measure the affairs of LOUIS; but the inhabitants of Ghent not long after obtained the assistance of a large body of English troops, under command of the Bishop of Norwich. On the other side, a large force was sent by the Duke of Burgundy to aid the French. The strife became general, and several cities and towns were taken and plundered first by one party and then by the other. Finally, a meeting between the several belligerent powers was held in the neighborhood of Boulogne. The Duke of Lancaster, who was at the head of the English negotiators, made every exertion to have a firm peace concluded, but there were so many conflicting interests to be arranged that it was found to be impossible. It was, however, agreed that there should be a truce for a year between England and France and the allies of both, all parties retaining the towns and castles of which they were then actually in possession. LOUIS exerted all his influence to have Ghent excluded from the benefit of this pacification; but the Duke of Lancaster, who had been born in that city, declared that the honor of England was pledged to Ghent. He was supported by the Duke of Berry, who did not hesitate to declare that the war in Flanders had been provoked by the injustice and misconduct of its ruler. According to some authors, LOUIS was so mortified by this disappointment that he sickened and died; others, however, attribute his death to a wound which he received from the Duke of Berry on an occasion when he demanded homage from the latter for the county of Boulogne. He left only one legitimate child, MARGARET, Duchess of Burgundy. To her and her husband descended the earldom, which was at once annexed to Burgundy, and rendered PHILIP, the ruler of that province, the richest prince in Europe.